TEMPLE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN

WORLD WAR II

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in
WORLD WAR II

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

During the period of World War II, Mrs. Alberta Hagar of Milford, New Hampshire, prepared scrapbooks of clippings about Temple Servicemen, from *The Milford Cabinet*. These clippings were of real value in preparing this book.

Appreciation on the part of the Editorial Committee is extended to Mrs. Hagar.

PREFACE

The strength of our nation, its moral fibre and its spirit of patriotism is nowhere more striking than in the small towns of the country. We of Temple are one of the smallest towns of the State, but need to yield to no community, whatever its size, in the record of patriotic service to the nation in all times and periods of war since Washington's day. Temple's part in the Revolutionary War was outstanding, the same is true of the war between the States and the Spanish War and World Wars I and II.

I believe it to be an historic fact that in the Civil War and in World War I we contributed a greater proportion of our sons to the Service than any other community in the State of New Hampshire.

In World War II we furnished about 20 per cent of our population in young men who entered the service. It will be a long time before Temple overcomes the sense of poignant grief that we felt in the supreme sacrifice paid by our three Temple men in World War II. They loved Temple and its environment, just as we do. Their memory will be imperishable in the hearts of those of us who lived through that war. We have often heard those words in Latin, "*Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori,*" "It is a sweet and beautiful thing to die for one's country."

But to us who live on, there comes the obligation to *live* for our country, to strive to make it a better country and to lift the level of the age which we inhabit.

So, proud of the heritage of Temple and its contribution to the nation in times of crisis, we salute the valiant sons who have laid down their lives for their country, and will honor them best as we live our lives, by consecrating ourselves to the service of our country. And we know that our dead, who sleep today, would join us in the prayer, which is in every heart in these trying times, "God Bless America."

U. S. Senator Charles W. Tobey

"The Hills of Home"

"It was good to hear of a Sunday service in Temple. I can visualize the shady roads of forenoon and the sweet tone of a church bell, I can almost hear. Nowhere in the world is there a church bell with so much meaning and tone for me as in Temple.

I have listened to it from afar most of the Sundays of my life; from the mountainside or from the hills, from the fields or the meadows, and thrilled to its message.

And I was glad to be reminded of the broad and beautiful Connecticut placidly dividing the good states, Vermont and New Hampshire, and yet uniting the two states more closely than any others in common things. One summer I crossed that stream at Bellows Falls many times while trucking lumber into Vermont. I loved the early morning hours for the start of the trip past the fine farms of Westmoreland to Walpole. Since then I have made several pleasure jaunts in the Green Mountains and the greener narrow valleys of Vermont.

There is little I can write about things over here but all is well with me. New Hampshire would indeed be a vision here in Sicily with those thickly leafed maple trees, the green fields, rocky cow pastures and interesting fields beyond. And the laurel; did it bloom as lavishly this season as last? Indeed I miss much when away. Although the vicissitudes of war cannot be sidestepped, I try to take into my life those things of beauty along the way that nature provides."

MAURICE STONE

From a letter to Mrs. E. G. Merriam, August 11, 1944, Wilton, New Hampshire.

Introduction

In close to two centuries as a township, Temple has not greatly changed. We are a New Hampshire hilltown spread out in rocky hollows under the shadows of the Monadnock Range. Our population in 1940 was 256. The few summer residents are in no respect a colony. They are people brought together from all parts of the United States because of their passionate love of this countryside; the spring clouds of fruit blooms, the quiet roads taking their way to our dooryards regardless of any more important destination, the splendor of maples and oaks in the fall. Our summer people desire to stay in Temple all the year, and when housing can be obtained they become all-year residents.

Thus we stood at the outbreak of World War II. We were a small New England town at perfect peace.

Facing a green Common are a white-steepled church and chapel, a town hall, a general store, an inn, the ancient blacksmith shop, one of the best-stocked small libraries in the State, and a ranking district school where the boys and girls do a janitor's work for which the town pays them as it would a janitor. These wages our boys and girls have used for a radio, a projector and other needed equipment.

We had a twenty-five piece band in 1940, brasses and reeds, that played for Memorial Day exercises which to us are real home-coming days, for concerts and rallies in and out of town; also a small orchestra playing for revivals of square dances. The War broke up our music although we did have musical services of a sort during the years.

We have a large number of healthy, good-looking, intelligent children, and the parents of five or six boys and girls look upon all the town's children as their responsibility also. A visiting physician and nurse take care of our child health as well, if not better, than city schools do.

No rails, not even bus tires, track our roads; we walk or drive, sometime a horse and buggy, when we have to leave town. Only grudgingly does Highway No. 101 run through part of Temple, re-named, or rather called Horace Greeley Highway, entering from the Wilton side and passing over Temple Mountain into Peterborough. Our roads, cemeteries, public buildings and farms deteriorated during the war years, but show much improvement since our men returned. Since 1912 we have kept Good Roads Day in Temple, a day of work by volunteers on a bad piece of road close to a homestead that needs

transportation. All able-bodied men and boys give their labor and in return receive all the apple pie and sundries they can eat, served by our ladies at the town hall.

When World War II broke our boys were helping their fathers carry on Temple's limited industrial activities; apple culture, poultry-raising, dairying and the running of two portable saw-mills. The majority had finished high school, a few had university degrees, a minority were graduates only of our district grammar school.

We had no share in national politics, in the planning of a world war. Government by town meeting, which constitutes complete local self government, had been good enough, had worked out satisfactorily for us these two hundred years. Town officers were a moderator, the town clerk, the town treasurer, three selectmen, a tax collector, a road agent, two auditors, a wood surveyor, and a lumber surveyor. One town meeting a year covered town administration and finances. If we had infrequently a town debt incurred for needed road equipment, it was paid by three or four yearly notes of equal amount. Mail that started from Temple for the nearest railroad by snowshoe needed a cleared road for the finish.

If the term rugged individualist has any remaining significance in American life, that describes us from 1758 to now. We make a living out of rocky terrain. Our patriotism lies too deep, having its roots in Revolutionary days, for paying heed to political machinations. We were, are, native Americans of high pride and intolerance of interference in matters of town administration. What Temple has made of itself is something enduring in national life, we believe.

The 1940 census of our town changed but little during the period of World War II. The greatest change came about through the absence of forty-two Temple men who served with distinction in all the theaters of operation. Wartime percentages measure little in relation to the heartaches of those left at home, the tragedy of our three who did not return. But Temple ranked high in the percentage of service. The records of our veterans of World War II follow.

Herbert Willard, *Town Clerk*,
Temple, New Hampshire.

* Roll of Honor

DEAD

Murray M. Day
David H. Quinn
Leon W. Blood

RETURNED

William E. Carr
Carroll Allen
Ralph E. Drew
Francis C. Eaton
Lawrence R. Hill
Harold N. Kullgren
Howard B. Kullgren
Robert P. Kullgren
C. Taylor Maynard
Albert H. Phillis
Paul E. Young
Frederic W. Swift
Charles N. Soule
Royal V. Strong
Martin C. Young, Jr.
Wallace R. Blood
Amos W. Flemings
Malcolm L. Holt
Charles H. Young
Clayton O. Davidson
Donald F. Davidson
Royal E. Edwards
Hervey F. Davidson
Warren E. Davidson
Donald Brown
George W. Pajanen
Richard T. Pajanen
Harold V. Edwards
David H. Bigelow
Phillip Quinn
Norman F. Rockwood
John D. Marr, Jr.
John A. Mazza
Maurice W. Stone
Charles L. Stone
Albert A. Quinn
Warren W. Quinn
Lawrence C. Young
Everett Drew

*As recorded 1945 on memorial tablet, Temple, New Hampshire

MURRAY MacLELLAN DAY

Killed in U. S. bombing of the Oryoku Maru, 1944.

Murray MacLellan Day, son of Viola and Murray G. Day, was born August 24, 1917, in Boston, Massachusetts. He was educated four years at Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire, and four years at Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey, at which place he majored in Military Science (ROTC).

Upon graduation at Princeton in June, 1940, he automatically became a Second Lieutenant in the Field Artillery in the Reserve Corps. He spent the summer of 1940 at instruction camp, Pine Plains, in upper New York State. After camp he spent much of the time in Temple, New Hampshire, and was taken into the army the third of March, 1941, and assigned to Battery D, 156th Field Artillery, 44th Division, as Motor Officer at Fort Dix, New Jersey. All his life he had been very much interested in automobiles, tractors, etc., and when he had a chance to go to Fort Wayne near Detroit, Michigan, for an intensive course in the operation and maintenance of tractors, automobiles, trucks, etc., he accepted at once.

While he was stationed at Fort Wayne, there came a request for volunteers for the Philippine Service and a classmate who was married

said he could not go but he thought that his classmate, Murray Day, would like to. On returning from his tour at Fort Wayne, Murray signed up to accept the service.

His orders were badly mixed up and he finally got them so late that he had to leave by air from Boston on July 11, 1941, to catch the ship in San Francisco. As it so happened, he got the S. S. President Coolidge which was afterwards sunk by the Japs. He reported to headquarters in Manila on or about the 1st of August, 1941, and from there we take up his life in his letters.

Murray was a member in good standing of the Grange in Temple, the Elm Club in Princeton and the Military Order of the Loyal Legion which he inherited from his great-grandfather, General Hannibal Day.

Decorations and Citations: First Lieutenant Murray MacLellan Day:

Distinguished Unit Citation with two Oak Leaf Clusters (Highest Unit Citation)
Purple Heart
American Defense Medal with one Bronze Star
American Theater Medal
Asiatic-Pacific Medal with two Bronze Battle Stars
Philippines Defense Ribbon
Philippines Liberation Ribbon
Victory Medal

Extracts from letters received from First Lieutenant Murray Day from the Philippines. Received August 1942.

Written to his Aunt, Alice L. Day, sister of Murray G. Day, dated February 24, 1942.

"The war we thought about and talked about really came to pass and the first results may have surprised many. Now, however, we know that we are not forgotton and by the time you get this we will be chasing the Japs into the sea. We hear all about the world affairs on our radio and compare Pro-Axis, Anti-Axis to see if by careful sifting a little truth may be gleaned.

I hope that you are not too much worried about me. My health is O.K. and so far I have no holes in my hide other than those induced by getting mixed up with some barbed wire fence. I don't know how the columnists are treating us but I hope you will save some of the clippings.

There is really very little news that I can give you. I have

been promoted once and now have quite a job in what is termed 'one of the outfits that saved our necks,' by some.''

Written to his parents. Dated February 24, 1942.

"On a thought that there may be some mail through to the States someday I am going to write a line or so. You probably know more about the war than I do although one of the cars in my outfit has a radio. I can't tell you what outfit I am in now or what job I hold but I will tell this, that it is an outfit which has cost the Japs plenty. I am really proud to have been chosen in it. . . .

I was pretty healthy the earlier days of the war but a couple of attacks of dysentery with a little malaria have bothered me slightly. Don't worry about me—I am just as safe as the average pedestrian in New York. When our planes come it won't take any time before we run these Japs off into the ocean,—and I mean that literally. The little Jap brother has spread himself over too much territory and I expect before you get this that the picture will change very greatly. . . .

I have a V-8 which, if it lasts the war, I'll bring home. It has been shelled once, bombed once and machined gunned once but still it goes. It is a battle scarred veteran now.''

Written to parents. Dated March 6, 1942.

. . . "We are going to beat the Japs before we get done so don't be worried. I am in an outfit which has already had an enviable record and will improve it soon. I have already been promoted once which you may have seen in the *Army & Navy Journal.* Don't believe the Jap propaganda; we are O. K. here and getting along finely. I have been in some funny places since the beginning of the war and will be in some funnier ones before it is over. The Japs are not happy and if we blow a few more thousand up they will be even more unhappy.

I am living in the open with a tarpaper shack over my head and enjoying good health. We are in the tropical jungle but there are very few mosquitos and other varmints. There are various kinds of lizards, etc., but they only holler at night.''

Written to parents. Dated April 22, 1942.

"I am still in the Philippines under the American flag. Things have moved very quickly since the first of the month. With the fall of Bataan things became different.

However I am still eating and sleeping. I did lose everything I owned except my wallet and glasses but I got more or less re-outfitted and am ready to go again.

I had a pretty bad siege of malaria—temperature 105—but after about five days of shaking it went away until the next time. By keeping full of quinine I believe I can keep ahead of it. . . .

When I get back after this I will have a lot of stories maybe about the campaign in Bataan, etc. We hope that Tokio continues to be bombed and that the campaign all over the world starts up and starts whipping the Axis powers (and they) get pushed back into the hole they came out of. Don't worry about us out here. We will get along somehow. Give my regards to all . . . "

Excerpt From Letter Written By Major R. G. Davey. Dated May 16, 1946.

"I have always been interested in the New England area and he told me many of the things to see and do if I ever got into that area. I remember that one of his plans when he got home was to go into the maple syrup and sugar business. Until I lost my address book, when our ship was sunk, I had his address so I would be able to get some syrup from him. He had really done a good job of selling while he was in camp, and I know that he would have sold a lot of syrup to us.

Your son commanded a Battery of Self-Propelled 77mm guns under Major Ganahl, who is mentioned in *General Wainwright's Story,* in the Philippines, and did a very good job with them. Because of their high mobility they got the brunt of the fighting. There may be some specific questions I could answer for you, if you have any. I have found that usually when the families of my friends ask me questions, it calls back to mind events and things that have happened."

Excerpt From Letter Written in Washington, D. C. By Captain Alan McCracken. Dated March 26, 1947.

"I knew your son well at Davao for 19 months and had many interesting discussions with him on impersonal subjects. You will find reference in my book to an imitation 'Information Please' often held at the hospital. Your son sat on the Board of Experts several times and he was *seldom* stumped by any questions."

Excerpt From Report of a Visit By a Friend to Sergeant Charles Johnstone at Walter Reed Hospital.

"Murray had made a snakeskin wallet and carved himself a pipe. He had a vegetable garden of which he was very proud—tomatoes, radishes, etc., and he had worked out a scheme to make a lot of money out of maple syrup! He always said he wanted to settle down as soon as he got home, which seemed unusual to me (the sergeant) because most of the fellows were so sick of being confined they wanted to do nothing but roam around and see things."

Excerpt From Letter Written By R. C. Strong, Jr., from Headquarters, Seventh Naval District, DuPont Building, Miami, Florida. Dated February 19, 1946.

"I knew from my contacts with Lieutenant Day, even under the conditions of imprisonment, that he was a splendid Army officer. Whatever hardships were imposed upon him, his deep, quiet voice never became excited, nor did his manner lose its calm quality."

Excerpt From Letter Written By Major Donald H. Wills. Dated February 18, 1946.

"I admired him because he was always cheerful and interesting to talk to. He never let prison camp get him down. No matter how bad things got he never became discouraged and always had a good word or joke. That is the impression I had of him. He was interested in people and was always willing to get into a discussion. He read a lot of the few books we had. His mind was very active."

Excerpt From Letter Written By W. H. Montgomery.

"I only know that Murray was a particularly jolly soul who wore that beat-up campaign hat at a jaunty angle and always had a good word for everyone he met."

Letter From Major Alvin J. Bethard. Dated February 18, 1947.

Re: Murray M. Day
First Lieutenant, Field Artillery, U. S. A.

"He was stationed at Fort Stotsenburg, Philippine Islands, prior to the start of the war. Shortly after war started he was placed in command of a Battery of Self-Propelled Mounts (S.P.M.) and sent to North Luzon to fight delaying action and

harass the enemy. This mission he performed in a superior manner, winning for himself and members of his command several medals.

I did not know him very well until we were both sent to Davao Penal Colony (Philippine Military Prisoner of War Camp No. 2) in November of 1942. Like the majority of us, he was sick quite a lot with vitamin deficiency diseases, pellegra, beri-beri, etc. He spent quite a lot of time in the Hospital Compound. He and I used to discuss the Civil War for pastime.

He would at times tell me about the maple syrup from New Hampshire and the fine apple cider they made up there. We stayed at Davao Penal Colony until June 6, 1944 and then were returned to Camp No. 1 at Cabanatuan. Murray worked on the farm there along with most of the others. We stayed at Cabanatuan until October 12, 1944, and then were taken to old Bilbibid Prison in Manila where we stayed until we started our ill-fated trip on the Oroyku Maru.

Murray was at all times an officer and a gentleman. He never broke down under our hard life and if he had not been killed by our own bombs on December 9, 1944 he would probably have lived to return.

From his conduct and character displayed as a prisoner of war I am sure that he would have been offered a commission in the Regular Army of the United States."

Excerpts From Conversation With Colonel Curtiss on February 6, 1950.

"About a month before the fall of Bataan, Murray was promoted to Executive Officer of the First Provincial Group FA (Field Artillery) SPM (Self-Propelled Mounts).

About September 1, 1941, Murray was sent to Camp Del Pilar where he was in charge of instruction in motors at the Field Artillery School of the Philippine Army which had about 2600 students, and about ten old wrecks to work on. Here he had Philippine assistants. The Field Artillery School broke up around December 1 and Field Artillery officers were assigned to different divisions as instructors. This lasted about three or four days. The night before the war started they were ordered back to Fort Stotsensberg. That day each officer was given command of a battery. There was one American officer to a Battery. The rest were Philippines.

General King wrote a letter regarding the SPM's and spoke

very highly of them. He said that if it were not for the work of these men they probably never would have been able to withdraw from Bataan, for these men held the line. During the fighting Murray was up in North Luzon and then came back.

Murray was also made executive to Major Ganahle who is mentioned in *General Wainwright's Story*.

The Distinguished Unit Citation with two oak leaf clusters was awarded this Philippine Unit, the two clusters meaning it was awarded three times to the unit and every man is entitled to wear it. No unit in the entire war got more than three awards."

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES ARMY FORCES, PACIFIC
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

APO 500
25 October 1945

Dear Mr. Day:

My deepest sympathy goes to you in the death of your son, First Lieutenant Murray M. Day, who died in action against the enemy.

You may have some consolation in the memory that he, along with his comrades-in-arms who died on Bataan and Corregidor and in prison camps, gave his life for his country. It was largely their magnificent courage and sacrifices which stopped the enemy in the Philippines and gave us the time to arm ourselves for our return to the Philippines and the final defeat of Japan. Their names will be enshrined in our country's glory forever.

In your son's death I have lost a gallant comrade and mourn with you.

Very faithfully,
(Signed) Douglas MacArthur

Murray G. Day

DAVID H. QUINN

Killed in action November 20, 1943.

David Henry Quinn, fourth son of Kittie E. and George W. Quinn, was born in Temple March 18, 1919. He attended grammar school at Temple, New Hampshire, and was graduated March 1941 from Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, New Hampshire. He enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps, for training in amphibian warfare.

Sergeant Quinn left for Boston to join the U. S. Marine Corps March 24, 1941. He was sent to Paris Island, South Carolina, to start his training. After a few weeks he was sent to Quantico, Virginia; then for training at Canton, Ohio. Later he was returned to Quantico, Virginia. In a few weeks he was sent to Dunedin, Florida, where he was in training for eight months. There the Marines were stationed in a large hotel. After Florida he was assigned for training at the great Marine Base at San Diego, California. He studied hard and became First Sergeant after attending the Sergeants' School.

I received a letter from him written October 20th before he went on maneuvers somewhere.

David went overseas in October, 1942, and was stationed on islands somewhere in the Pacific. He was married to Zoe Margaret Boeson

at Wellington, New Zealand. Then he left for Tarawa. He wrote his last letter to me November 18, 1943.

He was killed or severely wounded in action the first day of battle at Tarawa, November, 1943. We did not receive a telegram from Washington reporting David's death, until January 5th, 1944. His body was lost at sea.

March, 1944, at a meeting of Miller Grange, Temple, New Hampshire, a committee was appointed to work with the selectmen of Temple and the trustees of trust funds in planting a tree as a memorial to the town's first war casualty, Sergeant David Quinn, U. S. Marine Corp Reserve.

On June 6, 1944, the dedication of a tree in memory of David Quinn, Leon Blood and Murray M. Day was held on the Temple Common. This tree, a rock maple taken from native stock, was transplanted to a spot on the Common in front of the Congregational Church under supervision of the selectmen. The Reverend Timothy G. Paddon, in charge of the Congregational Church, offered the prayer of dedication. Joyce Kilmer's *Trees* was rendered by Ruth Holmgren of Concord, New Hampshire. After the playing of *America*, the *Marine Hymn* and *Anchors Aweigh* by the Peterborough, New Hampshire, band, the Reverend David Railsbach of Greenville pronounced the benediction. The music included vocal solos by Ruth Holmgren and a trumpet duet by Alvin W. Holt, Jr. and Herbert Willard. Lawrence Hill was organist. The children of the Temple district school gave recitations and songs.

A parade with Henry J. Leclair Post, American Legion, servicemen of the war, and a group of British sailors who marched with the Peterborough band, arrived at the Temple Common where American Legion services were held. The line of march re-formed early in the afternoon and the graves of the Temple East Cemetery were decorated.

Correspondence, Sergeant Quinn

Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps,
Washington, D. C.

Aug. 26, 1948

My dear Mrs. Quinn:

I am directed by the Commandant of the Marine Corps to forward to you the following posthumous awards to which you

are entitled as the next of kin of the late First Sergeant David H. Quinn, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve:

American Defense Service Medal
Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal
Victory Medal World War II

Sincerely yours,
L. S. Hamel,
Colonel, U. S. Marine Corps.

April 14, 1944

Dear Mrs. Quinn:

When permission was granted to write the families of those Marines who died so gallantly at Tarawa, I wrote your daughter-in-law in New Zealand regarding the death of your son, David. She wrote back, giving your address and stating that she would appreciate it if I would also write a note to you.

I knew David very well since he had been my First Sergeant for nearly eighteen months. We left the States together, spent a year together in New Zealand and were landing together at Tarawa when he was killed. He always did a wonderful job and relieved me of all my administrative work. He was trustworthy, loyal, and a hard worker.

We were in the same landing craft when he was struck from the front by an enemy shell. David was severely wounded but remained conscious till the end. He was not in much pain, however. His last words were of you and his wife, both of whom he thought so much of. David and his wife had made wonderful plans for the future, of returning to New Hampshire and enjoying their lives together.

Needless to say, he died a hero's death at Tarawa and I shall always remember him as one of the finest Marines I have ever known.

I am certain that he was buried at sea although I had to leave him shortly after his death and therefore I cannot be sure. As I can recall, he did not leave any specific message for anyone although he spoke constantly of you and Zoe near the end. He was certainly brave, making no reference to himself or his wounds.

I know David must have been well liked by his friends at home since he was so popular throughout the battalion. As a First Sergeant he did a fine job and I could always depend upon him.

I was temporarily absent from New Zealand when David was married but later I met his wife and I know that she is a wonderful girl, worthy of David's love.

I hope and pray that your other sons make out better than David did, although his death should never be regretted. He was doing a wonderful job for his country and many of us will never forget him.

MAJOR F. A. DURAND, U.S.M.C.
F.M.F., Pacific, San Francisco.

From DAVID QUINN envelope, June 2, 1942, San Diego, California. Letter undated, but the year of death.

U.S.M.C., Co. "B" 2nd Amphibious Trac. Bn.
2nd MD, FMF, MCB
San Diego, California

Dear Mom,

I received your letter and the box of candy and cookies. I enjoyed the box very much. I also got Dad's letter. I won't have time to write very much tonight as it is near bedtime. My back is better than it was, but I cannot do very much without getting tired. I have a 20 mile hike to go on tomorrow and so I will need plenty of rest tonight. It will take a little time before my back does get back to good shape. But I have much to do and so I will just keep going.

I am glad to know that I am going to receive my diploma. It was certainly nice of Mr. Smith to get it for me. I hope you will be able to attend the graduation exercises.

We have been on the machine-gun range part of the time this week and probably most of next week. It is a lot of fun to have about ten of them going at once and blowing the hell out of anything that we set up. Or else start shooting into the hillside about a mile away and rake it from one end to another. The dust and stones really fly when we set the guns into action. I reckon that a few Japs will scramble for cover when we start moving in on them.

I hope that you folks can get the garden planted in time for the growing season. I wouldn't mind being back there helping. It sure would be nice. I guess that by spring, 1944, Warren and I will be there to help with the planting.

Lots of love,
DAVE

In the Field (Company "C", 2nd Marine Div., FMF, care Fleet)
March 16, 1943

Dear Folks;

Just a few lines to say that all is well and I am feeling fine. In order to comply with the censorship regulations we cannot give out any information as to where we are, the weather, or anything pertaining to the place where we are stationed.

I hope that by this time you have heard from Warren. It is hard to say just where he might be. But wherever he is, I reckon he will make out all right.

Well, so much for now. Say hello to all the family and give my best regards. All one can say is hello and goodbye. But don't worry about me as everything is fine. Best wishes and love to all.

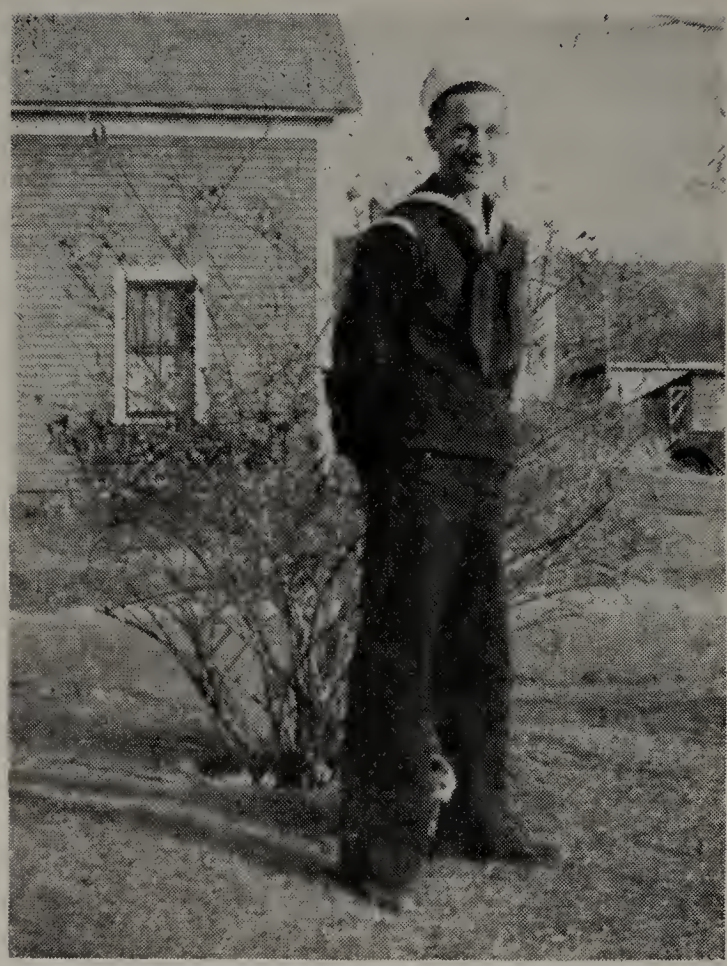
DAVE

Last letter from Sergeant Quinn.

Kittie E. Quinn

LEON BLOOD

Killed in action May 1944



Leon Blood, Gunner's Mate, Third Class, U. S. Navy, lost his life by accidental drowning while in service on the Marshall Islands, Pacific battle area.

Leon was born in Temple, New Hampshire, November 14, 1921 and was educated at the grammar school of Temple. He enlisted at twenty-one years of age and was inducted September 4, 1942. He received basic training at Newport, Rhode Island; left there November 20, 1942, for Philadelphia and continued training at Annapolis, Maryland, until February 6th, 1943. He was then assigned to the destroyer, U. S. S. Sante Fé and served in action in the Aleutian Islands, the Gilberts, Wake Island, the Marshalls and the Solomons.

Action in this theater of World War II in which Leon participated on the U.S.S. Santa Fé included: April 26, 1943, Attu, first bombardment of enemy-held island; May 11-23, 1943, Attu, seizure, covering force; July 8, 1943, Kiska, bombardment; July 22, 1943, Kiska, continued bombardment; August 15, 1943, Kiska, bombardment in dense fog evacuation. These actions covered the first on the enemy-held Attu and Kiska Islands.

Action in this area that followed included: September 18, 1943, Tarawa, air strike, the approach undetected; October 5-6, 1943, Wake Island, an opposed bombardment; November 8, 1943, Bougainville, night air attack with three planes shot down; November 20-22, 1943, Tarawa, seizure by U. S. Marines, under bombardment of the island; December 4-5, 1943, Kwajalein, night attack; February 16, Truk, air strike and air attack, undetected approach.

In 1944 the Santa Fé participated in the following: January 30, 1944, opposed bombardment of Wotje; February 2, 1944, seizure of Kwajalein under opposition; February 21-March 21, opposed air strikes on Truk, Saipan, Palau, and Yap. April 21, 1944, action resulting in the seizure of Hollandia Island by Allied units; April 22-30, 1944, the islands of Wakde-Sawar and Truk were bombarded; May 1, 1944 marked Leon's last action, the strike against Ponape Island.

No details of Leon's death were supplied by the Navy.

Memorial services for Gunner's Mate Leon Blood were held Sunday afternoon, May 14, 1944, at the Congregational Church, Temple, New Hampshire. Rev. David Railsback, former Chaplain U.S.N. of Greenville, assisted by Rev. Timothy Paddon, Rear Admiral Lackey and U. S. Senator Charles Tobey officiated.

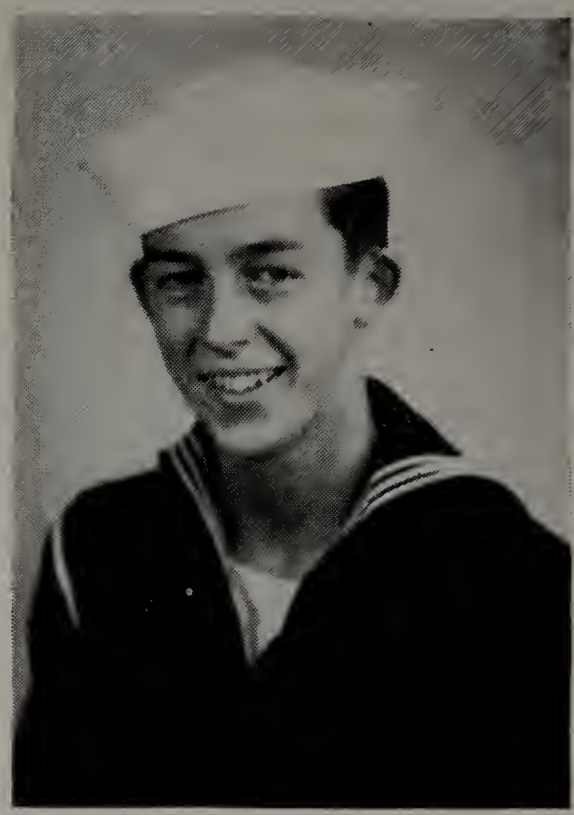
Admiral Lackey spoke of Leon's fine record and rapid advancement in the U. S. Navy. Senator Tobey spoke of the fine character of the young man.

Instrumental music was furnished by Herbert Willard, Alvin Holt, Jr., and Ervin Rockwood. Lawrence Hill was organist. Taps was sounded at close of the service by Herbert Willard and Alvin Holt, Jr.

On October 9, 1947, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Blood received word that the body of their son, Leon, Gunner's Mate 3rd Class, U.S.S. Navy had been received on the S.S. Hindaknot at San Francisco, from where it was brought to Temple. A military funeral was held October 30, 1947 at the Temple, New Hampshire, Congregational Church. Interment was in the new cemetery, Temple.

Annie B. Blood

Carroll Allen



David H. Bigelow

Wallace R. Blood

Donald Brown

Allen, Carroll, Quartermaster, Second Class, U. S. Navy. b. August 28, 1924, Nashua, New Hampshire. Parents, Ruby and Ole Alfson. Educated, grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. High school, Wilton, New Hampshire.

Inducted U. S. Maritime Service, September 17, 1942. Transferred to U. S. Navy, January 2, 1943. Basic Training: Sheepshead Bay, New York, Cooks and Bakers School; Naval Training Station, Newport, Rhode Island; Naval Mine Warfare School, Yorktown, Virginia; U.S.S. Yard Mine Sweeper, 289. U.S.S. Franklin D. Roosevelt (C.V.D. 42).

Served 26 months on Mine Sweeper Y.M.S. 289; 4 months service, U.S.S. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Decorations and Citations:

World War II Medal Minecraft Insignia
American Area Medal
Asiatic Pacific Area Medal with 2 Bronze Stars
Good Conduct Medal

Discharged from Active Duty January 20, 1946, Boston, Massachusetts. Employed as stock clerk, Abbott Machine Shop, Wilton, New Hampshire.

Married Elinor Curtis, September 9, 1945, Milford, New Hampshire.

Bigelow, David H., Aviation Radioman Second Class (ARM2/c). U. S. Naval Reserve. b. 17 June, 1926, Cambridge, Mass. Parents, Karl Worth and Margaret Johnson Bigelow. Education, A. B. Columbia College, 1949. Enlisted, Washington, D. C. 17 August, 1943. Basic Training, Boot Camp, Bainbridge, Md. Aviation Radio and Gunners' Schools, N.A.S. Jacksonville, Fla.

Served 20 months in U. S., mostly Jacksonville, Fla., San Diego, Calif., Oakland, Calif. 12 months Pacific Area, flying from bases on Hawaii and Guam.

Organizations. Most of active duty with Naval Air Transport Service, Pacific Wing.

Military Occupational Specialty. Radio Operator aboard naval air transport airplanes of the R5D (C-54) type.

Decorations and Citations:

Pacific and American Theater Ribbons
Victory Medal
Unit Commendation

Discharged from active duty 5 April, 1946, Bainbridge, Md. Civilian occupation, personnel work with U. S. Dept. of Defense, Washington, D. C.

Marital status, single.

The Unit Commendation mentioned above was awarded to VR-6 (Rescue Squadron Six) for its efficient air evacuation of wounded from Iwo Jima and Okinawa to rear hospitals. The operation was not hazardous, but it was the first large-scale effort of its kind.

Blood, Wallace, R., Staff Sergeant, U. S. Infantry. b. October 3, 1920, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Annie B. and Fred C. Blood. Educated Temple, New Hampshire, grammar school.

Inducted Manchester, New Hampshire, October 8, 1942. Basic Training, Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

Served Camp Shelby, Mississippi, 6 months. California Desert Maneuvers 5 months. Overseas Preparation, Fort Dix, New Jersey, 2 months. Camp Patrick Henry, Virginia, (Port of Embarkation) 2 weeks. Maneuvers, North Africa, 3 months. Action, Fifth Army, Italy, 20 months. Member 85th Division, 339th Infantry Regiment, Company K. Occupational Specialty, Squad Leader.

Decorations and Citations:

Good Conduct Medal
North African Campaign Medal
European Campaign Decoration with Three Bronze Stars

Discharged Fort Bragg, North Carolina, November 2, 1945. Employed as carpenter.

Married Frances Jacobus, September 23, 1945.

Stolen Art

In June, 1945, it was reported that the Fifth U. S. Army, stationed in Italy, discovered a vast store of precious stolen art treasure taken by Germans from all parts of Italy and hidden in a Fifteenth Century castle. Three New Hampshire soldiers of the 339th U. S. Infantry, one of these being Sergeant Blood, were active in this discovery.

Brown, Donald, Chief Electricians Mate, U. S. Navy. b. June 18, 1922. Educated, grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. High School, Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, New Hampshire.

Inducted, January 26, 1942, Boston, Massachusetts. Basic Training: Newport, Rhode Island. Naval Training School, Detroit,

Michigan. Electrical Interior Communication School, Washington, D. C.

Served 4 weeks, Newport, Rhode Island; 16 weeks, Detroit, Michigan; 1 year U.S.S. Wharton, South Pacific; 3 months Submarine Chaser Training Center, Miami, Florida; 2 years English Channel area, Submarine Chaser 1354; 36 weeks U.S.S. Mount Olympus, South Pole Expedition; U.S.S. Submarine Chaser, 391, U.S.S. Landing Submarine Chaser, 551, Norfolk, Virginia. Total period, 5 years, 10 months and 6 days.

Discharged, Naval Air Station, Norfolk, Virginia, December 12, 1947. Employed, electrician, Temple, New Hampshire.

Married Hazel C. Colburn, January 19, 1946, Washington, D. C.

South Pole Expedition, 1946

I was in the U. S. Electrical Interior Communications School, Washington, D. C. waiting for orders in 1946. There was a call for the post of Chief Electrician, U.S.S. Mount Olympus and I was given the post. We sailed from Norfolk, Virginia, with 2 cargo ships, an icebreaker, airplane and submarine in December, 1946, for Admiral Byrd's headquarters, Little America, the South Pole.

Our destination had been held secret, but our course down the Atlantic, through the Panama Canal with stops at Panama City, at Australia and New Zealand, then into the great swells of the Pacific and to the south, gave a clue as to our mission. Gradually the ocean became calmer, the waters dark blue and choppy, at last calm. Floating ice and a few icebergs slowed us. We were nearing the unknown Antarctic land. Eventually the crew from the icebreaker would jump ashore, if the ice surface may be so described, dig into the snow that covered the ice, put in stakes, and pour in water freezing these mooring stakes.

I watched the strange scene as we approached the ice shelf; flaky surfaces with spaces of calm water, level, not too cold, but gradually, with our approach, icebergs could be sighted. The icebreaker leading, we came at last to Ross Bay. We tied up to the ice and I looked at the mainland. The background seemed like a climb, the horizon was restricted and one's vision was limited. We had daylight day and night. This Antarctic summer was similar in temperature to a New Hampshire November but one had to wear sun glasses. A phenomenon was that the sun was never in sight, but the reflected glare of the sunlight on the ice was unbearable to the naked eye. Where the water was clear, brilliant colors could be seen beneath the surface.

It was completely quiet, no waves, no sound, a place of mystery. There were no buildings or shelters of any kind to be seen. Previously-erected Little Americas were covered. Soon a new Little America was established.

I had 4 men in my outfit; for equipment, a gyro compass, a loud-speaker, telephone system and other important communication equipment. In line of duty, I could not leave the ship, but I had a feeling of being a member of an historic expedition. We enjoyed good food, mainly dehydrated, although we ran out of vegetables.

If I were to tell of my greatest thrill on this trip, it would be our entrance to Ross Bay. This narrow entrance, menaced by towering icebergs, is shaped like a keyhole. The bergs, slow-moving, but enormous, may block the passage. They are of strange architecture, like buildings or bridges. Motion pictures were made on land and from the Olympus. The light was favorable for taking pictures. A type of seal with fangs attacked a camera man, an experience not likely to occur ordinarily. Our photographs were developed on the voyage back and formed the background for a nationally-shown motion picture. All in all, a trip to the South Pole was an event in the life of a Temple man.

Carr, William Edward, First Lieutenant, Ordnance, attached to Army Air Force. b. June 17, 1915, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Florence J. and Alexander Carr. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire, high school, Wilton, New Hampshire.

Inducted Manchester, New Hampshire, August 31, 1942. Basic Training: Keesler Field, Biloxi, Mississippi, 3 months, September through December, 1942; Ordnance Officers Candidate School, Aberdeen, Maryland, 13 weeks, December through March, 1943.

Served: April to July, 1943, 2059th Ordnance Company, Air Transport Command, Morrison Field, West Palm Beach, Florida. July to August, 1943, Fort Crook Ordnance Base, Omaha, Nebraska (Officers' School). August 1943, to February 1944, Headquarters North Atlantic Wing, Air Transport Command, Presque Isle, Maine. February 1944 to April 1945, Headquarters North Atlantic Division, Air Transport Command, Manchester, New Hampshire. April 1945 to November, 1945, 1386th Army Air Forces Base Unit, Meeks Field, Iceland. Military Occupational Specialty, Assistant Division Ordnance Officer.

Decorations:

American Service Medal
European African Middle Eastern Service Medal

Relieved from active duty, Separation Center, Fort Devens, Massachusetts, November 20, 1945. Employed Unit Manager, Stanley Home Products Co. Inc., Westfield, Massachusetts.

Married Caroline J. McGuire, February 17, 1945.

Temple Apple Orchards in Wartime

There was an unusually large crop of McIntosh apples in the Temple, New Hampshire, apple orchards in October, 1944. Practically all labor was in wartime service and although school children were allowed long week-ends for the picking, there was danger of the crop being lost. To meet the emergency German prisoners of war were transported by bus, under guard, to Temple. British seamen, stationed at Fort Devens, Massachusetts, while their ship was under repairs at Boston, also helped as volunteers.

The large Carr and Hill orchards were especially served by these men. In the Carr orchards Germans enjoyed the harvesting, munched huge bologna and cheese sandwiches supplied by their camp and were given all the coffee they would drink by Mrs. Carr, mother of First Lieutenant Carr.

Tramping through the orchards one learned that the 250 Germans selected to pick New Hampshire apples, of all ages and walks of life, were not fanatics. Curly-headed blondes, red-heads, tall, short but lean, they represented many types of professions; painters, paper-hangers, miners, munition makers, and an occasional University professor.

A most impressive example of enemy cooperation was seen in the orchards of Mrs. Florence Carr, an American woman personally directing a gang of war prisoners. She reached her orchards daily ahead of guards, instructed the boys not to hurry as they were learning, just not bruise the fruit. She stood by all day to see that things went smoothly, and they did. When she gave orders, she meant them. In middle age and fighting her way to make a living on rocky, old land, after having had hard luck in the poultry business, Mrs. Carr made history.

She had a son in the service, but her feeling toward the enemy was not that of unreasoning hatred but a belief that prisoners were human beings, sick of war and all its miseries, responsive to kindness.

William E. Carr

Clayton O. Davidson

Hervey F. Davidson

Warren E. Davidson

She saw that the men had cigarettes. At the noon hour, pitchers of cold milk and steaming coffee with real cream and war-rationed sugar were served. The Germans whistled and sang at their work. Delicate McIntosh apples were not bruised. It was required that the trees be picked clean no matter how much spot picking was involved. Despite the fact that a man failed, through inexperience, to pick his 25 boxes daily as required, if he showed effort, Mrs. Carr had the guard credit him with that number. She persuaded the County Agent to send prisoners back for picking the Baldwin crop if they were willing. They came.

The British seamen who were stationed in 1944 at Camp Devens while their ship was at Boston for repairs were of real assistance in picking apples in the Hill orchards. They were from London mainly and the countryside of Temple seemed to them like the English country which they felt it a privilege in boyhood to visit. After work, they lay in the grass and ate apples, all they wanted, and they were loathe to return to camp. They practically saved the Hill crops. One seaman walked more than ten miles in the late autumn of 1944 to see if there were any jobs he could do to help Mrs. Hill. They spoke of dreading their return to the theater of war.

Davidson, Clayton Orlo, Captain U. S. Army Air Force Pilot. b. November 23, 1915, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Maude M. and Everett W. Davidson. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. High school, Wilton, New Hampshire.

Inducted U. S. Army, Manchester, New Hampshire, March 25, 1941. Basic Training: U. S. Army, Fort Bragg, North Carolina; Camp Blanding, Florida; New Hampshire's 172nd Field Artillery Regiment. Participated in maneuvers through the Carolinas in fall of 1941.

Applied for and received transfer to the Army Air Corps and was sent to the West Coast, thence to San Antonio, Texas for Pre-Flight School. Sweetwater, Texas, (Avenger Field) for Primary-Flight training. Enid, Oklahoma, for Basic-Flight training. Pampa, Texas, for Advanced Twin-Engine training. Graduated, Pampa, Texas, receiving silver pilot wings and commission as Second Lieutenant in the Army Air Force.

Phase training in B-17 type, heavy bombardment aircraft at Pyote, Texas, and Dyersburg, Tennessee; from there to Port of Embarkation, Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. Sailed for the European Theater of Operation on the Queen Elizabeth, November 2nd, 1943, arriving

Scotland the 9th. Assigned to 379th Bombardment Group in the Eighth Air Force, stationed in England.

Service: Completed 30 Combat Missions over Germany and the occupied countries during the winter of 1943—44 in B-17 type aircraft.

Decorations and Citations:

Air Medal with 3 Oak Leaf Clusters
Distinguished Flying Cross
American Campaign Medal
European African Middle Eastern Service Medal
World War II Victory Medal

Following the tour of combat, assigned to a ferrying squadron and ferried airplanes throughout the British Isles for 90 days when received orders to return to the United States. Boarded a C-54 aircraft loaded with pilots that left from the south of Wales on the morning of August 13th, 1944. Stopped at Iceland to re-fuel and get a bite to eat. Landed at Presque Isle, Maine, the evening of the same day.

From the Re-distribution Center at Atlantic City, New Jersey, assigned to Langley Field, Virginia. Flew B-17's there for radar instruction until the end of World War II.

Relieved from active duty as Captain on July 31, 1946, at Fort George G. Meade, Maryland.

Married Gladys O. Clement, Temple, New Hampshire, August 27, 1944.

Employed, Simonds Saw and Steel Co., Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

Davidson, Donald F., Fireman, First-class, U. S. Navy. b. November 8, 1922, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Maude M. and Everett W. Davidson. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, New Hampshire.

Inducted U. S. Navy, March 28, 1943, Manchester, New Hampshire. Basic Training: Naval Training Station, Newport, Rhode Island; Wentworth Institute, Boston, Massachusetts.

Served: Invasions; Palau, Ulithi, Leyte, Luzon, Iwo Jima, Okinawa.

Decorations:

American Theater Ribbon
Asiatic Pacific Theater, 6 stars
Philippine Liberation, 2 stars
Navy Unit Citation

Discharged November 13, 1945. Employed on corrugated box machine, General Fiber Box Co., West Springfield, Massachusetts.

Married Lillie M. Monroe, Wilmington, North Carolina, July 7, 1945.

Davidson, Hervey F., Private, U. S. Army, Armored Division. b. July 1, 1917, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Maude M. and Everett W. Davidson. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. High school, Wilton, New Hampshire.

Inducted June 2, 1941, Manchester, New Hampshire. Basic Training: Camp Croft, South Carolina. Was eighth enlistment from Temple, New Hampshire.

Served Fort Benning, Georgia, October 1, 1941 to April 1, 1942. Fort Bragg, North Carolina, April 1, 1942, to August 6, 1942. Europe, Africa, Middle East Theater, August 6, 1942, to March 31, 1945. Overseas service included maneuvers in England; battles at Kassering Pass, Sheitla, El Guettar and Bizerta in Tunisia; Mignano, Naples, Florence, Foggia, Anzio, Rome, Siena, Pisa and the mountains of Italy.

Military Occupational Specialty, Anti-tank Crewman, Company B, 894th Tank Destroyer Battalion.

Decorations and Citations:

Good Conduct Medal
European African Middle Eastern Campaign Ribbon, 3 stars
American Defense Service Medal
Unit Citation, 1st British Division
Unit Citation, French Expeditionary Corps
Distinguished Unit Badge

Discharged May 14, 1945, Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Employed as machinist, Abbott Machine Shop, Wilton, New Hampshire.

Davidson, Warren E., Lieutenant U. S. Naval Reserve. b. February 8, 1914, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Maude M. and Everett W. Davidson. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. High school, Wilton, New Hampshire. Northeastern University.

Inducted December 8, 1943, Boston, Massachusetts. Basic training: Fort Schuyler, New York; Naval Training School, Mare Island, California.

Served, Naval Yard, Mare Island, California, Office of Industrial Manager, San Francisco, California.

Military Occupational Specialty, Ship Repair Unit.

Relieved from active duty June 1, 1946, San Francisco, California.

Employed, civil engineer, Stone and Webster, Toronto, Canada.

Married Doris A. Stahl August 10, 1940.

Keeping Them Afloat

Just give a Navy man a chance to say something about the Service and he will say something that is good—for there is bound to be a pride in Service that will carry over and you will find Temple's Navy Veterans telling their children about the time they wore their sailor hats with pride, and swabbed the decks of Uncle Sam's fleet. Today, perhaps they are swabbing a kitchen floor with no less vigor and with the same pride in accomplishment.

It was a thrill to don the navy blue—and even a greater thrill for me to be assigned to ship repair—to be aboard mighty battleships, carriers, and our cruisers, destroyers, and transports with men and officers from all parts of our country. We were assigned for a brief indoctrination course at Fort Schuyler, New York, and later at Mare Island Navy Yard, California, were trained in ship construction and repair. We were then assigned to various ships for conversion and repair.

During the early period of the war while our passenger ships were being converted into troop transports I was assigned to some of our older vessels for their conversion program. However, later it became my pleasure to be assigned to the U. S. S. West Point which is now the *SS America, our finest passenger liner afloat.

There was, perhaps, nothing unusual in converting glistening white liners into grey troop ships, but underneath that drab grey hull I always felt the engines were pounding a little faster; like the men from all parts of our country, these ships were donning a common color and setting a course toward a common goal. The motto of our station became—"Our Sole Purpose is to Serve the Fleet." and whether it became conversion, construction, or repair we could feel we were united in a common cause and a common purpose.

As the war progressed and its toll became increasingly greater my duties changed from those of conversion and preparation to that of

repair—grim repair to our ships that were able to creep back into some port. Ships' names and numbers soon began to mean a great deal, for associations were made that quickened the pulse at the thought of men aboard the ships with those names and numbers.

Late in 1945 radio message was received that the destroyer DD. . . . had received heavy battle damage and was coming to the Pacific Coast for repairs. I knew the number and I knew the name—which meant that Donald Davidson should be aboard ... and so there on the west coast was the first union of two Navy men from Temple since the beginning of the war.

From the dashing grace of our fastest destroyer to the mighty majesty of our battleships, the U. S. Navy came through with the colors flying. Down in the engine room may have been a young bluejacket who, while sweating amid the engines and boilers was thinking of the sun beating down in a hayfield on a hot summer day in Temple, while up on deck a radio operator or electrician was sticking to his post.

For when Uncle Sam called his men to serve at sea, we of the Navy felt he not only called, but he offered us a chance to enter into a job that enabled each and every man to do his duty with faithful loyalty towards a united and common great end.

*Later used in U. N. Campaign in Korea.

Derbyshire, Earl H., Private, U. S. Army. b. May 16, 1902. Parents, William S. and Clara B. Derbyshire. Educated, grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire.

Inducted October 8, 1942, Manchester, New Hampshire. Basic Training: Camp Campbell, Kentucky, October to December 16, 1942. Camp Wheeler, Georgia, December 16, 1942 to February 16, 1943.

Served as truck driver Camp Campbell, Kentucky, October to December 16, 1942; Camp Wheeler, Georgia, December 16, 1942 to February 16, 1943.

Organization: American Legion, Wilton, New Hampshire, Bent-Burke Post, 10.

Discharged from active duty February 16, 1943, Camp Wheeler, Georgia. Employed as machinist.

Single at time of service.

Downey, William Bertrand, Captain, Chaplain Corps, U. S. Army. b. June 24, 1907, Syracuse, New York. Parents, Louise Kofsky and Bertrand Baylis Downey. Educated, Wellesley High

Earl H. Derbyshire

William B. Downey

Francis C. Eaton

Royal A. Edwards

School, Wellesley, Massachusetts, 1925; Colby College, B. A., Waterville, Maine, 1930; Andover-Newton Theological School, B. D., 1935.

Inducted January 2, 1943, Chaplain School, Harvard University. Basic Training, Chaplain School, Harvard University, January, 1943.

Served: January to August, 1943, U. S. August 1943 to February, 1945, Great Britain. February to July, 1945, France.

Organization, Fighter Group, U. S. Army Air Force; 455 Service Group; 436 Troop Carrier Group, U. S. Army Air Force.

Decorations:

ETO Service Ribbon

Relieved from active duty December, 1945, Fort Devens, Massachusetts.

Civilian Occupation: Minister, Congregational Church, Temple, New Hampshire.

Married Ann Greta-Elizabeth Fundahn, July 28, 1933.

Values in Tragedy

It would be difficult to point to any one experience as outstanding. Although I was chaplain in a combat organization, I was stationed along with the other ground personnel, located far from the actual fighting zone. Our aircraft were in England and the fighting was over the Continent.

I will of course always hold precious in my memory the fellowship that I had with our men of all faiths. I have also many letters as tokens of appreciation from the next of kin of the men who were lost in combat. Through correspondence I feel that I have made many friends in this way. I think of one family in particular, living near Boston. Their only child was lost on a mission in the spring of 1944. On my return home I looked up this family and there has resulted a friendship which still continues. Thus, even out of tragedy there emerge enduring values.

I think that one of my outstanding experiences came just a few days after VE Day in France. I was stationed at a Troop Carrier Base at Chateaudun, about twenty-five or thirty miles from Orleans. Some of the B-17's (Flying Fortresses) of the Eighth Air Force from England were flying French prisoners of war out of Germany and were using our base as a landing strip for this operation. It was both heartwarming and heartrending to see these men who had been in German and Austrian prison camps for five years returning to their native soil.

I talked with one of these men who spoke English faultlessly. His

home was but a few miles away in Orleans and he had not seen his family in five years. He had a small son who, because of the war, was too young to remember his father. I also talked with one of the crew members of the aircraft who told me how his passengers went wild when they flew over the Rhine from east to west. They had not seen their native soil in so long that they had well nigh despaired of ever seeing it again.

Drew, Ralph E., Technician 5, Quartermasters Corp, U. S. Army. b. New Hampshire, March 29, 1922. Parents, Gladys and Harry Drew. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. high school, Wilton and Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, New Hampshire.

Inducted Manchester, New Hampshire, December 12, 1942. Basic Training: Fort Custer, Michigan, December to May 1943. Advanced training Fort Devens, Massachusetts, May to August, 1943.

Served 5 months Fort Custer, Michigan. 3 months Fort Devens, Massachusetts. 9 months England. 6 months France, Belgium and Germany.

Organizations: 466 Truck Regiment, Q.M.C. 3601 Truck Company, 3601 Refrigerator Truck Company, member Motor Transport Service. Military Occupational Specialty, truck driver, heavy vehicles.

Decorations and Citations:

European African Middle Eastern Campaign Ribbon
Good Conduct Medal
Victory Medal
Meritorious Service Plaque
Red Ball Express Motor Transportation Decoration

Served in Normandy, Northern France, Rhineland, the Ardennes and Central Europe. Received scroll from the Mayor of Antwerp, Belgium, for aid in defense of Port during buzz bomb and V-2 attack.

Discharged November 24, 1945. Employed, laborer and operator lumber mill.

Married Viola S. Goetsch November 30, 1947.

Eaton, Francis C., Lieutenant Commander, U. S. Naval Reserve. b. April 26, 1916, Boston, Massachusetts. Parents, Lesley and Henry C. Eaton. Educated public schools, Waltham, Massachusetts, Belmont Hill School, Harvard University.

Inducted U. S. Navy Yard, Boston, Massachusetts, 1940. Basic Training, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

Served 4 years, sea duty on mine layers, Atlantic and Pacific Fleets. 1 year Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps Unit, Dartmouth College. Military occupational specialty, navigation.

Decorations and Citations:

Bronze Star
Various Area Ribbons

Relieved from active duty August 1946, Boston, Massachusetts. Civilian occupation, magazine advertising, Curtis Publishing Co., Needham, Massachusetts.

Married Janet Bradley Nichols, 1944.

Edwards, Harold V., Staff Sergeant, U. S. Army Air Force. b. January 28, 1923, Hancock, New Hampshire. Parents, Jennie R. and Royal B. Edwards. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. High school, Wilton, New Hampshire.

Inducted Manchester, New Hampshire, December 8, 1942. Basic Training: Miami, Florida; radio operator and mechanic Scott Field, Illinois; Air Force Gunnery School, Kingman, Arizona. Graduated from Gunnery school, Kingman, Arizona, received gunnery wings, after intensive training in principles of ballistics, sighting, turret maintenance, range estimation and aircraft machine gunnery. Overseas June 1, 1944, for participation in a course designed to bridge gap between training in States and active participation in overseas theater; Ardennes, Rhineland. Air offensives, Normandy, Northern France.

Served 10 months U. S., Ireland and Europe as aerial gunner on B-24. Engaged in 35 combat missions.

Organizations: 754th, 458th Squadron Group, 2nd Division, 8th Air Force.

Decorations and Citations:

Air Medal with 5 oak leaf clusters
Meritorious Achievement Certificate for Combat
Certificate of Valor

Discharged Camp Devens, Massachusetts, 1945. Employed W. W. Cross Company, Jaffrey, New Hampshire.

Edwards, Royal A., Technician 5, U. S. Army, 32nd Cavalry, Reconnaissance Squadron. b. July 13, 1919, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Jennie R. and Royal B. Edwards. Educated grammar

school, Temple, New Hampshire. High school, Wilton, New Hampshire.

Inducted August 26, 1943, Boston, Massachusetts. Basic Training Fort Riley, Kansas.

Served: Reconnaissance Car Crewman, Ardennes, Rhineland, Central Europe. Hospitalized, England.

Decorations and Citations:

American Theater Service Medal
European African Middle Eastern Service Medal
Good Conduct Medal

Discharged November 4, 1945, Fort Lewis, Washington. Employed carpenter.

Married Marie A. Despres, June 22, 1940.

Flemings, Amos William, Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. Infantry. b. December 16, 1904, Lowell, Massachusetts. Parents, Etta Corson and Charles F. Flemings. Educated, Boston University, B. A.

Originally commissioned May 31, 1928, Officers Reserve Corp. Entered active duty for World War II February 1, 1941, Peterborough, New Hampshire.

Basic Training: Graduated Infantry School; Basic Course, May 2, 1941, Battalion Commanders' and Staff Officers' Course, February 27, 1943.

Served Camp Wolters, Texas, May 1941 to March 1943; Fort Lewis, Washington, March 1943. Mojave Desert, March to June, 1943. Hawaiian Islands, June 1943 to November 1945.

Organizations: 130th Infantry, Commanding Officer 3d Battalion; 33d Division, 298th Infantry, Commanding Officer 2nd and 3d Battalions.

Military Occupational Specialty: Battalion Commander and Staff Officer, Staffs of Pacific Ocean Area, Central Pacific Base Command, Army Port and Service Command, Honolulu.

Decorations:

Army Commendation Ribbon
Expert Infantryman

Relieved from active duty Camp Blanding, Florida, March, 1946. Employed, hotel consultant.

Marital Status: Single.

Lieutenant Colonel Flemings built the first recreation center in the Pacific to rejuvenate combat personnel at Kilauea Military Camp,

Hawaii National Park, Island of Hawaii, accommodating 325 guests.

When the first peacetime draft was started, he was recalled to be Public Information Officer at Fort Ord, California, where all the draftees from eight western states were trained. Following this assignment, Lieutenant Colonel Flemings was a Public Information Officer on Joint Operation MIKI, the largest post-war amphibious maneuvers in which 50,000 troops landed on the Island of Oahu in the fall of 1949. These were the 2nd Division troops who landed in Korea in 1950.

*Hill, Lawrence R., Private, U. S. Army. b. August 6, 1900, Dayton, Ohio. Parents, Mame and Harlan Hill. Educated in music, specialized training.

Inducted Manchester, New Hampshire, September 2, 1942. Basic Training, Camp Pickett, Virginia.

Served: Fort Benning, Georgia, September 2, 1942, to March 4, 1943, Service Battery 3d Field Artillery. Also served as Private, Special 3d Class, February 18, 1920 to August 8th, 1922.

Military Occupational Specialty: military band; 1920's Medical Corp; Chaplain's Assistant in special field of music.

Discharged March 4, 1943, Fort Benning, Georgia. Employed, painter and musician.

Married Anna E. Hedman, May 6, 1940.

*Deceased November 6, 1947

Holt, Malcolm L., Private First Class. b. June 27, 1921, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Sadie L. and Alvin W. Holt. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, New Hampshire.

Inducted U. S. Army, June 26, 1942, Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Basic Training, Camp Pickett Medical Center, Virginia.

Served 3 years Mediterranean Theater of Operation: This service included active participation, Africa and Italy.

Organization: 61st Station Hospital. Bugler. Clerk General.

Decorations and Citations:

European African Middle Eastern Theater Campaign Ribbon
Good Conduct Medal
Meritorious Service Plaque
Mediterranean Theater of Operations
Victory Medal

Amos W. Flemings

Lawrence R. Hill

Malcolm L. Holt

Harold N. Kullgren

Discharged November 11, 1945, Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Employed, dairy farming.

Married Shirley Shaw, June 12, 1948.

Kullgren, Harold Newton, Corporal, U. S. A. Coast Artillery Anti-Aircraft. b. October 24, 1915, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Mabel and Gustaf Kullgren. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. High school, Wilton, New Hampshire.

Inducted Manchester, New Hampshire, January 6, 1941. Basic Training, Camp Hulen, Texas.

Served 4 years 8 months, including 3 years 6 months overseas: Australia, New Guinea, the Netherlands, Indonesia.

Organization, 744th C A-A A, Battery D. Military Specialty, anti-aircraft gunman.

Discharged Fort Devens, Massachusetts, August 29, 1945. Farmer.

Married Myrtie Flanders, July 19, 1947.

Kullgren, Howard B., Private U. S. Army Air Force. b. December 16, 1920. Parents, Mabel and Gustaf Kullgren. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, New Hampshire.

Inducted October 8, 1942, Manchester, New Hampshire. Basic Training, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Served 1½ years, United States.

Discharged March, 1944, New Haven, Connecticut. Employed W. W. Cross Company, Jaffrey, New Hampshire.

Kullgren, Robert Paige, Sergeant, U. S. Air Force. b. August 11, 1914, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Mabel and Gustaf Kullgren. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. High school, Wilton, New Hampshire, Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, New Hampshire.

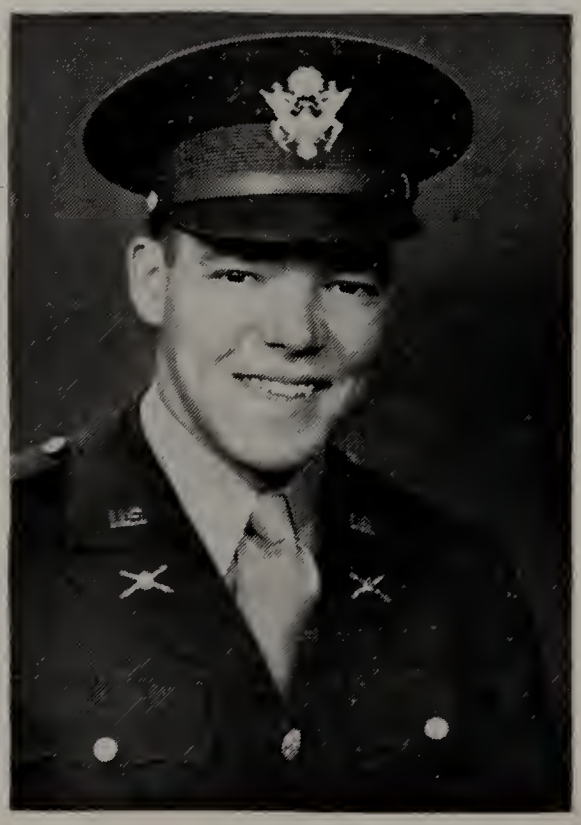
Inducted October 14, 1941, Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Basic Training, Camp Lee, Virginia. Service school, Normoyle, Texas.

Served 4 years, 1 month and 13 days: Camp Lee, Virginia; Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas; Lake Charles Army Air Field, Lake Charles, Louisiana; Aloe Field, Victoria, Texas; Walker Field, Kansas; Tinian Island, Mariana Island. Western Pacific Campaign.

Organization, 20th Air Force. Military Occupational Specialty,

Howard B. Kullgren

Robert P. Kullgren



John D. Marr

Charles T. Maynard

Mechanic Automotive Wheel Vehicle. Sharpshooter Carbine Motor Vehicle.

Awards and Citations:

Motor Vehicle Driver's Award
Good Conduct Medal
American Defense Medal
Asiatic Pacific Theater Campaign Ribbon
American Theater Campaign Ribbon
Victory Medal

Discharged November 26, 1945, Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Employed as mechanic, Draper Chevrolet Company, Milford, New Hampshire.

Married Barbara Emily Holt, February 13, 1944.

Marr, John D., Jr., Captain, Federal Service, U. S. Army. b. January 2, 1921, Wilmington, Delaware. Parents, Marian H. and John D. Marr. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. High school, Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, New Hampshire. University of New Hampshire, Durham, New Hampshire, class of 1943.

Employed as draftsman for State Highway Department and as a U. S. Engineer Department Surveyor summers during college course.

Basic Training: Reserve Officers Training Course, University of New Hampshire. Inducted at Camp Devens, Ayer, Massachusetts, June 15, 1943. Commissioned following completion of Officers' Candidate School Course, Anti-Aircraft Artillery School, Class 79, Camp Davis, North Carolina. Attended Officers Training Course No. 2, Army Ground Forces, Engineer Training Center, Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

Service: Combat duty European Theater—Northern France, Belgium, Holland, Rhineland, and central Europe.

Organizations: 171st Engineer Combat Battalion, 9th Army for training and combat duty. 1262 Engineer Combat Battalion. Engineer's Supply Depot E. 508, Paris, France.

Military Occupational Specialty: Combat Engineer Unit Commander, 1331. Post Engineer and Utilities Officer.

Decorations and Citations:

Bronze Star Medal
American Campaign Medal

European African Middle-Eastern Campaign Medal
Army of Occupation Medal
World War II Victory Medal

Date and Place of Separation: September 22, 1946, Camp Dix, New Jersey.

Employed, civil engineer.

Married Harriet B. Schriker, June 21, 1947.

With The Ninth Army

Christmas Eve '44 I was in Gilenkirchen, Germany. A box came from home, more welcome than any other Christmas gift in all the years before. I wanted to open it but there was not time. A bridge had to be destroyed before morning to prevent an enemy crossing. There seems to be a misconception as to the duties of the Engineer Corps in battle. We go ahead of other ground forces to prepare a way. So I started out under the Christmas star in line of duty, hoping that our mission would, somehow, sometime, contribute to permanent peace to a troubled world. I put my precious box from Temple in my locker unopened.

Mud commanded the action of our Ninth Army during the battle of the Bulge; that stands out in memory. The Bulge also drained off most of our troops. Bridge destruction and construction during bombardment, among our dead and dying, characterized that period of World War II. As the engineer battalions worked on the Rhine River bridges, the Luftwaffe came out at night, skimming over the barage balloons.

The largest concentrations of AA fire since the Normandy landing, criss-crossed the sky with red and yellow cones. Speed, speed and then greater speed was our word.

In reaching Hanover, we found that the Air Force had left the city a heap of rubble. We removed twisted street-car tracks, filled bomb craters, bull-dozed the hazards of falling walls and cleared overpasses. In combat we laid 8430 yards of mine fields, using 3400 mines and trip flares and 200,000 pounds of T.N.T. in blowing pill boxes and in other demolition work. Each yard, each pound of destruction, had its common toll in the front-line action by the engineering battalion. The 171st Engineer Combat Battalion built 30 bridges which, if laid end to end, would cross a mile-and-a-half wide river. Our battalion vehicles, in line of duty, traveled about three quarters of a million miles, always with the hazard of meeting annihilation on the way.

Our extra duties included enemy reconnaissance, releasing slave labor and, ourselves, taking prisoners.

I had an unexpected experience of that kind in Germany. One evening as my driver and I returned from a reconnaissance trip, we were confronted with a German soldier who wished to surrender. Before we could get him in the vehicle, we found that there were several more. As collecting, searching, and loading continued, I found that there were still many more hiding in the woods. I began to wonder if the offer could have been a ruse, but finally they were all loaded, 101 of them herded into the only two available trucks and headed for the prisoner cage. It was about 1:00 a. m. and in total darkness the group guarded by only the drivers and me drove back 75 miles from the line to an MP unit who took them off our hands.

The 180 days of our action up to two weeks before V. E. day slips into the limbo now as I build bridges for peace in my own country. Battle experience, front-line battle, which is the lot of the engineer, is indescribable. It is completely outside life as we Temple boys had known it, outside all life really. Objectivity in remembering that war is almost impossible.

I quote from *Stars and Stripes* describing the difficulties of our Thirteenth Corps in the push north:

> "If, a year ago, anyone had said that the Roer River crossing was possible, he would have been considered mad. The rate of flow of the stream was nine feet per second, approximately six miles per hour. All engineer bridging equipment needed in the crossing had no rated capacity faster than seven feet per second . . . yet engineers of the Ninth began construction of footbridges across the stream.
>
> The first footbridge was completed in relatively quick time but an enemy shell broke two cables that held it in place and it washed downstream. Another was started but rushing waters uprooted a tree which fell and broke the bridge in two. Other Thirteenth Corps engineers with bulldozers started building approach roads but when one of the bridges was well under way, enemy artillery opened up and annihilated the work. The entire bridge sank. Attempted for the third time, the bridge was completed. . . ."

Another scene described in *One Hundred and Eighty Days*, published by the Thirteenth Corps, Ninth Army, is different but interesting:

"There was a mammoth eight-building German food warehouse just south of Hanover that we reached when American armored columns swept the territory clear of enemy resistance. Foreign slave laborers of many nationalities plus a few German civilians literally trampled one another to loot the enormous food stores.

"I thought I was having a nightmare for a while", said Lt. John D. Marr of Temple, New Hampshire, in charge of a road reconnaissance patrol of Company C, 171st Combat Engineers. His group noticed the excitement at the warehouse and decided to investigate. Almost as hazardous as bridging the Roer, Rhine and Weser Rivers under fire was the way the four men met the situation of the liberated laborers who were pushing over whatever stood in their way and throwing boxes and crates from the upper windows of the buildings. There were casualties aplenty before the Allied Military Government could impound the stores.

The stores included tons of granulated sugar, dehydrated vegetables, rooms full of flour and hundreds of other items. The looters waded through cloves and other spices up to their knees; the place reeked of cocoa, syrups, and wines. When the crowd found the narrow staircases blocked, they took to the spiral conveyor chutes that emptied out on the ground floor. Even the older slave laborers were agile enough to sit on 200 pound sacks of flour and whiz around and around on a trip down. From the first floor, many of the mob jumped to the ground after dumping hundreds of pounds of sugar to serve as a cushion below." . . .

The Thirteenth Corps, on the push deeper into Germany, discovered teen-age German SS troops had committed atrocities on some 2,000 Polish, Hungarian and Russian slave laborers during the retreat. These men were herded into a Gardelegen barn, the doors fastened and a sixteen-year-old German boy set it on fire. My Corps was assigned to investigate the crime. April 17th, 1945 we began. The account in *One Hundred and Eighty Days* states:

"A few of the bodies in the barn were still burning. Most of them were piled by the doors. One man was in a sitting position as though he had resigned himself to death. Another had a protective arm about a young boy. What flesh remained was dusty in color so that it was difficult to distinguish it from hair and clothing.

Outside, along the northern wall of the building, were two

military-precise trenches, each fifty feet long. One of them had been filled. From the fresh earth an arm protruded."

War cannot be thought of apart from tragedy. But reading accounts of atrocities and having seen them are different matters. Such personal contact makes the task of putting one's experiences into words almost impossible.

There were peaceful as well as tragic days to come. I wrote the following letter home about them:

> Since I have been on the move so much lately I have found very little time for writing letters. We have been moving so fast that we do not get mail oftener than once in five or six days, and then it is mostly old mail, some written last February. It is at least two months since I received a *Milford Cabinet* here in Germany.
>
> We have seen a great deal of the country over here. One part we went through was made up of beautiful highways through rolling country with green trees and grass, brooks, lakes and many red tile roofed homes set back in groves of planted trees or grouped together on the hillside or in the valleys. Next we came to a part which was level and chiefly agricultural and here the older women wore the old peasant costumes, red or orange skirts with full length blue aprons that covered the entire front, black embroidered sweaters and white hats that showed the hair done in a bun on the forehead.
>
> We saw the industrial center of Germany, the big factory cities of Germany that have been reduced to mere piles of concrete and brick by our bombings. We were in a section that reminded me much of France and Belgium with level farm lands, dirty yards, and the barns and houses all in one.
>
> The things that have impressed me most lately here are the huge numbers of refugees, some slave laborers from every country here in Europe, making their way back to their homes after being liberated from the labor camps all over the industrial part of Germany.
>
> Many of the civilians are driving German cars marked with chalk "We go to liberation," "We go for Home," "U. S. Army Forever," "U. S. A.—Holland." Then others are in horse-drawn wagons or on bicycles or walking and pushing all kinds of carts and wagons. We have also seen the countless numbers of P. W.'s set free, Poles, Russians, French, British and U. S. prisoners were among them.

The house in which we now are living is a big mansion and was a very smart home once upon a time. All the Nazi people lived like kings over here, and those who were not Nazi had nothing.

In this room is some of the most beautiful dining room furniture I have ever seen. It is very heavy and the sideboard is about ten feet long and very modern. On the other side of the room is a unique piece of furniture, a large cabinet six feet high and ten feet long. On the front there are four full-length doors with the most beautiful inlaid woodwork I have ever seen. The designs in the two end doors are figures of men playing accordians, harmonicas, and smoking pipes. They are done so beautifully that the folds in the clothing show. The faces are very lifelike. The lips are made of three to five pieces of inlay and the hands have from 15 to 20 pieces in each. The coat buttons and highlights in the eyes are of mother-of-pearl. The two middle doors have two scenes each, one above the other, illustrating different dance steps that couples are doing to the music of the previously mentioned band. The detail is complete down to a basket of fish and a fishnet in the foreground. This one piece would be worth thousands of dollars in the States for the work is so perfect that from a distance of ten feet one would think it was painted on the doors.

On top of this cabinet is a fine model of a sailing ship, of about 1700, fully rigged. Even the little block and tackle that holds up the sails works. The ship is over three feet long and about three feet high, and is complete down to the lion figure-head and hand painted flag on the rear. At home we'd find something like it only in a museum.

I am feeling fine and so far have had excellent luck. I am not able to say much about what we have been doing lately, but as you know we built the assault bridges on the Roer, one of the hardest engineering jobs of the war. We were also in on the problem which engineers were studying while I was at Belvoir—bridging the Rhine. Since then we have built other assault bridges and done some reconnaissance work which has given me a chance to see much of this country. It is very beautiful, but it gives one an idea of the way the people have treated the slave labor imported from other nations.

I think this has been a profitable evening, for this is the longest letter I have written for a long time.

Lieut. John D. Marr, Jr.

Following hostilities in Europe my unit was returned to the Engineer Supply Depot in Paris, France where for the following year I was assigned as Post Utilities Officer in charge of repair and construction on the post by American G. I. and German Prisoner of War crews, and as Post Provost Marshall.

During that year I had the pleasure of visiting some of the world-famous buildings and many operas and art exhibits. This final year of military service was high lighted by a memorable trip to Switzerland.

At long last we received this communication:

HEADQUARTERS XIII CORPS
U. S. ARMY

7 May 1945

Subject: Message from Supreme Headquarters Allied Expedionary Forces.

A representative of the German High Command signed the unconditional surrender of all German land, sea and air forces in Europe to the Allied Expedionary Force and simultaneously to the Soviet High Command at 0141B Central European time, 7 May, under which all forces will cease active operations at 0001B, 9 May.

Effective immediately all offensive operations by Allied Expeditionary Force will cease and troops will remain in present positions. Moves involved in occupational duties will continue. Due to difficulties of communication there may be some delay in similar orders reaching enemy troops, so full defensive precautions will be taken.

All informed down to and including divisions, tactical air commands and groups, base sections, and equivalent. No release will be made to the press pending an announcement by the Heads of the three Governments.

Signed,

EISENHOWER

My most faithful friend of World War II was my jeep. It was issued to me at the beginning of my active duty abroad and took me all the way, from the Bulge to Germany. At the Armistice I asked my Colonel if I might buy it, and take it home with me. He approved and the jeep finally reached New York aboard the S. S. George Washington. I drove it up home to Temple. That was the fastest, most satisfying motor trip of my life.

Maynard, Charles Taylor, Corporal, U. S. Army. b. September 6, 1915, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents Susan P. and Daniel P. Maynard. Educated grammar school, Greenville, New Hampshire, Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, New Hampshire.

Inducted August 6, 1941, Manchester, New Hampshire. Basic Training: Fort Eustis, Virginia, Basic and Communications School.

Served: 3 months Fort Eustis, Virginia; 2 months Fort Ontario, New York; 1 month Hartford, Connecticut. Overseas: 1 year Bora Bora, Society Islands; 7 months New Hebrides; 1 month Guadalcanal; 8 months Stirling, Treasury Islands; 6 months Bougainville; 8 months Philippine Islands.

Organizations: 198th Coast Artillery, Delaware National Guard and 373rd Anti-Aircraft Artillery in Headquarters Battery.

Military Occupational Specialty: Communications and carpenter in Headquarters Battery.

Decorations and Citations:

Pacific Theater Medal
American Defense Medal
Victory Medal
Good Conduct Medal

Discharged October 11, 1945, Fort Devens, Massachusetts.

Employed as carpenter.

Married Lieutenant Norma Watkins, U. S. Naval Reserve, October 20, 1945.

Mazza, John Arthur, Machinist Mate, Third Class, U. S. N. Reserve, V-6, Navy Seabees. b. May 17, 1924, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Hattie T. and Thomas N. Mazza. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, New Hampshire.

Inducted Boston, Massachusetts, December 15, 1942. Basic Training: Construction Battalion, U. S. Naval Construction Training Center, Williamsburg, Virginia; 37th Naval Construction Battalion, Naval Training Center, Davisville, Rhode Island; Advance Base Depot, Port Hueneme, California; Command Service Squadron, South Pacific.

Served 1943: April 1 to May 15, Williamsburg, Virginia; May 15 to July 2, Port Hueneme, California; July 2 to September 2, New Caledonia; September 2, to October, 1944, Green Island (S. Pacific, about 2 days from New Caledonia); November 1944 to June 1945,

Camp Parks, Shoemaker, California; June to October 1945, Okinawa.

Military Occupational Specialty, Heavy equipment operator and truck driver.

Decorations and Citations:

World War II Victory Medal
American Theater Medal
Asiatic-Pacific Medal

Discharged November 24, 1945, Fargo Building, Boston.

Employed in farming and truck driving.

Married Pauline A. Wheeler, July 4, 1946.

Pajanen, George William, Corporal, 119th Armored Engineers Battalion, 12th Armored Division, U. S. Army. b. December 16, 1921, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Ida and Nehe Pajanen. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire.

Inducted October 8, 1942, Manchester, New Hampshire. Basic Training: Camp Campbell, Kentucky; Camp Barkeley, Texas.

Served: October 1942 to September 1944 U. S.; September 1944 to February 1946, European Theater; England, France and Germany.

Organizations: 12th and 2nd Armored Division, U. S. Army. Military Occupational Specialty, Assistant Squad Leader, Foreman of Construction.

Decorations and Citations:

European African Middle Eastern Theater Campaign Ribbon
American Theater Campaign Ribbon
Good Conduct Medal
Victory Medal

Discharged February 9, 1946, Camp Devens, Massachusetts.

Employed as machinist, Abbott Machine Co., Wilton, New Hampshire.

Married Florence M. Nelson, June 12, 1948.

The Mystery Division

Corporal Pajanen made a place for himself in history in the Rhineland and Central Europe Campaigns. The 12th Armored Division of which he was a member, earned a reputation for itself as a powerful fighting unit during the battles of France and Germany when it spear-headed the swift advances of Lieutenant General Patch's Seventh Army and General Patton's Third Army as the famed "mystery division."

Commanded by Major General Roderick R. Allen of Palestine, Texas, the 12th became famous also for its spectacular seizure of the Danube River bridge at Dillingen, Germany, its closing with the French of the Colmar Pocket, and its drive through the Bavarian Alps.

Pajanen, Richard T., Corporal, U. S. Army. b. September 16, 1923, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Ida and Nehe Pajenen. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire.

Inducted March 3, 1943, Manchester, New Hampshire. Basic Training, Camp Bowie, Texas.

Served: 4 months, Camp Bowie, Texas; 6 months Camp Hood, Texas; 8 months Fort Jackson, South Carolina; 1 month Tennessee maneuvers; 1½ months England; 15½ months Germany and France.

Organization: Company B. 648 U. S. A. Tank Destroyer Battalion. Military Occupational Specialty, Gunner on tank destroyer.

Decorations and Citations:

Good Conduct Medal
European African Middle Eastern Theater Campaign Ribbon
American Theater Medal
Victory Medal

Discharged March 31, 1946, Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Employed as stone-mason and brick-layer.

Married Irene Emery, June 20, 1947.

Phillis, Albert H., Staff Sergeant, U. S. Army Air Force. b. March 19, 1914, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Alice and Alvin Phillis. Educated, grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. High school, Wilton, New Hampshire.

Inducted June 5, 1942, Manchester, New Hampshire. Basic Training: Fort Devens, Massachusetts; Hendricks Field, Sebring, Florida; Gunnery School, Tyndall Field, Florida; Army Radio Course, Chicago, Illinois.

Served in U. S., England and Germany.

Organizations: 381st and 482nd Bombardment Groups. Military Occupational Specialty, aerial gunner and radio man on B-17 bomber.

George W. Pajanen

Albert H. Phillis, right

Albert A. Quinn

Phillip Quinn

Decorations and Citations:

Presidential Citation
Air Medal with 3 Oak Leaf Clusters
European Theater War Ribbon
Distinguished Flying Cross.

Discharged Fort Devens, Massachusetts, June 28, 1945. Employed as laborer.

Married Ruth Goetsch, June 8, 1943, Chicago, Illinois.

Staff Sergeant Phillis was credited with the destruction of one of 19 German fighters during a January, 1944, bombing mission at Oschersleben, Germany. He underwent two hours of blistering fighting without fighter escort, bombed his target successfully and returned to the home base. There was a loss of only one B-17 bomber for 19 destroyed by the mission's gunners.

This picture of Albert Phillis was taken at Station 102, Alcomburg, England, on March 17, 1945. His rank was Staff Sergeant and his assignment was Aerial Gunner which is, of course, a very important position. This picture shows him being presented the Distinguished Flying Cross by Lt. Colonel Clement W. Bird. He was attached to the 8th Air Force—482 Bomber group, 812 Bomber Squad. Besides the above mentioned citation he also received the Air Medal, with four Oak Leaf Clusters; Good Conduct Medal; Medal for American Theater of Operations; Medal for European Theater of Operations, seven stars; the Purple Heart for wounds received in action and the Presidential Citation.

Quinn, Albert A., Infantry, U. S. Army. b. April 30, 1921, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Kittie E. and George W. Quinn. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. High school, Wilton, New Hampshire. 1 year University of New Hampshire.

Inducted October 8, 1942, Manchester, New Hampshire. Organizations: E. Company, 337th Infantry Regiment, 85th Infantry Division, 2nd Guard, Army Base, New York.

Service: Joined 85th Division, October, 1942, at Camp Shelby, Mississippi; then to maneuvers in Louisiana in April, 1943; Desert Training Center in June, 1943; Fort Dix, New Jersey, in October, 1943; Arrived Casablanca, 1944; Arrived in Italy March 1944; saw combat in 1944; wounded in action May 2, 1944; arrived, Newport News, Virginia, September, 1944; Joined 2nd Guard, Brooklyn, New York Military Police, October, 1944.

Decorations and Citations:

Purple Heart Medal Combat Infantry Badge

European-African Theater Medal with one battle star

Given leave May 2, 1944. Discharged November 1, 1945. Employed Abbott Machine Shop, Wilton, New Hampshire.

Married Ruth E. Fish, July 8, 1943, Congregational Church, Temple, New Hampshire.

Front-Line Memories

"They kidded us that we were pretty late in getting into the fight, but we made up for it in the drive to take Rome." he wrote.

Commenting on German resistance, he said, "The Germans would fire all their ammunition and then come out with their hands in the air. When an Infantryman is advancing, he has to watch the ground for indication of mines, and look up into the trees for snipers. I forgot to watch the trees."

. . . "I liked your description of the flowers and shrubs back home. I have always loved the coming of spring in New Hampshire. It is truly an emerald land itself when everything is a fresh green. Surely the hills of old Erin can be no more beautiful. Ruth and I have always wanted to visit Ireland. Some day when this war is over, we shall.

I am getting along fine now. My wounds are pretty well healed, although my hand will take some time yet. By now spring should be spreading its blessings upon New Hampshire. Over here the trees are all in leaf, except those damaged by shell fire. It is strange to walk down a shady road and realize that the enemy is just a short distance away. The roar of the guns is what awakens one from his dreams.

There is a church here that was shelled by the Germans and the only parts not ruined are the altar and the figure of Christ above it. That should be a sign to the Germans that civilization and Christianity have always survived and will continue to do so."

From a letter to Mrs. E. G. Merriam from unknown spot, May, 1944.

I doubt if my army experiences were different than those of thousands of other Infantrymen, varying only in personal details. The first few weeks of my stay at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, were utter confusion, filled with marching and training, over-bearing non-coms and smoke from the hutment coal stoves. Gradually order replaced the confusion and the days passed pleasantly in spite of the hard work.

Next stop was the maneuver area in Louisiana; a wonderful place, the food we had was the best I ever got in the army. Louisiana was much like Mississippi except that we were farther from nowhere most of the time. I didn't believe that possible until I got there.

The final stop on our cross-country jaunt was the end of the line, California. There we spent the summer training in the desert. I think that it would be much nicer to spend the winter there. While stationed in the desert I came home on furlough and married the one and only, Ruth Fish of East Jaffrey.

We left the desert in October, 1943, for the staging area at Fort Dix, New Jersey. In December of that same year the 85th Division sailed for North Africa, landing at Casablanca in January 1944. When our mail started to arrive, my first letter was from Mother, I shall never forget how that letter started: "My Dear Albert, I hate to have to write this but your Brother David was killed at Tarawa on November 20th."

Early in the spring the division sailed for Italy. The 337th Regiment took over the positions at the little town of Tufo. In that town there was a church that had been throughly gutted by bombs. However, none of the many statues of Christ and the saints had been touched. We who saw that sight could but stand in silent awe.

After two months of holding the line the big offensive started on May 11th. On the 16th I was wounded in the hand and shoulder by rifle fire. The wounds weren't too serious but I was sent home in September of that year.

The last year of my army life was as an MP in New York. The big city was wonderful but I really prefer the hills of old New Hampshire. November 1st, 1945 I received that piece of paper that allowed me to return to those hills for good, I hope.

Quinn, Phillip, Technical Sergeant 5, U. S. Army. b. January 12, 1927, Peterborough, New Hampshire. Parents, Kittie E. and George W. Quinn. Educated high school, Wilton, New Hampshire.

Inducted March 7, 1945, Grenier Field, Manchester, New Hampshire. Basic Training, Infantry.

Served: Camp Gordon, Georgia; Camp Rucker, Alabama; Fort Ord, California; Camp Anga, California; Philippine Islands, Fort Bragg, North Carolina; Camp Polk, Louisiana; Fort Bliss, Texas.

Organizations: Infantry, Signal Corps and Coastal Artillery. Military Occupational Specialty, Weapons repairman.

Decorations and Citations:

American Theater of Operation
Asiatic Pacific Theater of Operation
Victory Medal

Discharged November 12, 1946, Fort Bliss, Texas. Employed, W. W. Cross Company, Inc., Jaffrey, New Hampshire.

Married Elizabeth Johnson, April 16, 1947.

QUINN, WARREN W., Sergeant, U. S. Army Air Force. b. July 21, 1917, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Kittie E. and George W. Quinn. Educated grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire. High school, Wilton, New Hampshire.

Inducted May 20, 1942, Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Basic Training: Camp Lee, Virginia; Holabird Motor Base, Baltimore, Maryland.

Served: 8 weeks, Camp Lee, Virginia; 12 weeks Holabird Motor Base, Baltimore, Maryland; 4 weeks Grenier Field, Manchester, New Hampshire; 4 weeks, Fort Dix, New Jersey; 34 months Honnington Airdrome, Honnington, Suffolk, England.

Organizations: 15th Mobile Repair and Reclamation Squadron 825th Engineering Squadron. Military Occupational Specialty, Mechanic.

Decorations and Citations:

Sharp-shooting Medal (U. S.)
Good Conduct Medal
Presidential Service Ribbon
European-Mediterranean-African Medal

Discharged November 14, 1945, Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Employed, logging and farming.

Married Winifred E. Grant, Norfolk County, England, April 9, 1944.

WARTIME TRAVEL

I left the United States for the British Isles January 6, 1943, on the troop ship Queen Elizabeth, with approximately 15,000 troops. We arrived near Glasgow, Scotland, January 10, 1943. The Queen Elizabeth traveled without escort, depending on her speed to escape German submarines.

I left Southampton, England, November 7, 1945, for the return

trip to the United States, arriving in New York, November 2, on the Queen Mary. My wife Winifred and daughter Shirley came over on the Queen Mary, landing at New York, March 18, 1946.

Rockwood, Norman F., Technical Sergeant, 197, Coast Artillery (Anti-Aircraft) Band. b. May 16, 1915, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Helen L. and Ervin C. Rockwood. Educated high school, Wilton, New Hampshire.

Member National Guard, Nashua, New Hampshire Unit. Entered World War II September 16, 1940.

Served: 15 months, Camp Hulen, Texas; about 2 months Fort Dix, New Jersey, then overseas from San Francisco, February, 1, 1942; landed in Perth, western Australia, for three months, then back around the coast to Townsville, Australia, for 23 months; Finschofen, New Guinea, until April 1, 1945. Arrived in the U. S. May 1, 1945.

Military Occupational Specialty, Musician.

Discharged June 6, 1945, Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Engaged in trucking business, self-owned.

Married December 22, 1944, Melbourne, Australia.

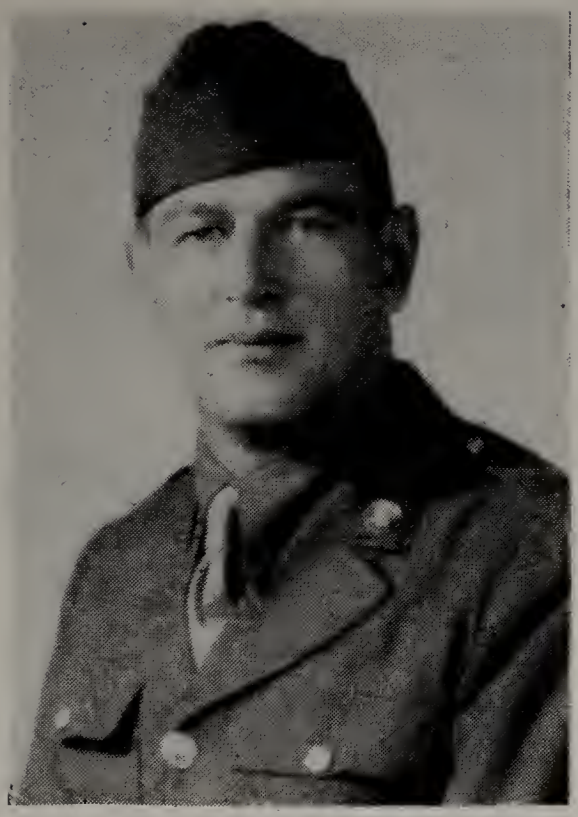
Music In The War

It may be of some interest to know of what use an Army band is during a war. It is used mainly for morale purposes and at many military functions. We played at many concerts and dances while in Australia, for both officers and enlisted men. We played at all hospitals in whatever area we were stationed. While in New Guinea the concerts were enjoyed very much as the men had little to do night after night.

Our duties were nearly all in rear areas at staging camps, base hospitals and high headquarters establishments. We once played when 400 decorations were given officers and men of the 19th Bombardment Group, Army Air Force. These were men who fought and escaped from the Philippines early in the war. In looking back I like to believe we had more good times than bad, but of course did not think so at the time.

Soule, Charles Nelson, Technician 5th Grade, U. S. Army. b. Temple, New Hampshire, May 22, 1920. Parents, Helen and Charles Soule. Educated, grammar school, Temple, New Hampshire.

Inducted February 25, 1942, Camp Devens, Massachusetts.



Warren W. Quinn

Norman F. Rockwood

Royal Strong

Basic Training, Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Served: 7 months Fort Bragg, North Carolina; 1½ years 4th Service Command Motor Pool, Fort McPherson, Atlanta, Georgia; 8 months Fort Pierce, Florida; 2 months 23 days Northington General Hospital, Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

Organization: Field Artillery, Ordnance. Military Occupational Specialty; truck driver, motorcycle mechanic and tire inspector.

Decoration:

Good Conduct Medal

Discharged February 17, 1945, Northington General Hospital, Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Employed as painting contractor and interior decorator.

Married Edith E. Simmons, December 2, 1943.

Stone, Maurice W., Private, First Class, U. S. Army. b. February 28, 1908, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Fanny B. and George W. Stone. Educated, Temple, New Hampshire.

Inducted U. S. Army March 25, 1941, Fort Devens, Massachusetts.

Served: Sicily, Italy, France and Germany.

Battles and Campaigns: Sicily, Naples-Foggia, Rome-Arno, Southern France, Rhineland, Central Europe.

Decorations and Citations:

Good Conduct Medal
American Defense Medal
European African Med. Campaign Ribbon with Bronze Service Arrowhead.

Discharged October 2, 1945, Fort Devens, Massachusetts.

Five Hundred Eleven Combat Days

After five years of home living, your historian has asked me to turn back the brief pages of time to those dark, forbidding days of World War II. Coincidentally, as perhaps our world faces the terrible consequences of a World War III, all too short are the years between.

Today I know quite well the mixed feelings of the boys now being called to the colors that good may survive evil. May God watch over them and bring to them and the world better days.

Individually and collectively, unpleasant experiences have a way of fading with the past, the mind retaining more readily the glimpses of beauty collected along destiny's highway. And better so!

Back in 1940, when it was uncommon for the young man to receive personal greetings from President Roosevelt, I received mine, telling

me that I had been selected to serve my country for one year. March 25 of that year, with Clayton Davidson, from Temple, and about thirty others, we left our Center at Milford for a varied-not one year-but nearly five years of service.

After a few cold and uncomfortable days at Camp Devens, Clayton and I arrived at Fort Bragg. Here better conditions prevailed, including weather. We spent the next six weeks at the Field Artillery Training Center. From Fort Bragg, we went to Camp Blanding, Florida, where we were placed with the 172nd Field Artillery, a National Guard outfit from New Hampshire. I rather enjoyed that summer in Florida. Nearly every week-end Clayton and I traveled by thumb over the countryside.

At this time it became permissable for a twenty-eight year old to apply for discharge. On October 28 I happily left camp with a transfer to Active Reserve in my pocket.

However, Pearl Harbor changed all that, and on July 10, 1941, I re-entered Fort Devens, to be assigned shortly to the 45th Infantry Division, an Oklahoma outfit stationed temporarily at Camp Devens. As Army life went, I found the Oklahoma division more to my liking than any other training contact. The greeting I received when I arrived at 189 Field Artillery C.P. was certainly out of line with any I had experienced in Army life. Officers and non-coms were downright friendly and more than a little concerned with my comfort and introduction to the battery. In the mess hall that first meal, which was after hours, I was served by a big rough and ready Indian named Tom. Tom was most solicitous and friendly. I don't know what kind of a warrior he might have made, he did not sail with us, but I can say that on this side Tom was in battle most of the time.

My first field training with the 45th was at Camp Edwards; a very rainy week out of the ten days we were there. But, as almost everyone does, I enjoyed the Cape. The week-end was fair and I spent it in a long hike about the countryside. Back at Devens with every week-end at home—the boys insisted that, being so near home, I should not be detained in camp—the time passed quickly. In September we were ordered to Pine Camp at Watertown, New York. During my entire stay in the Army I looked forward to these convoy journeys. They meant, also, nice week-end hikes for me through new territory.

Looking back, I believe Pine Camp gave me the most interesting

hours in this regard. Even the training, chiefly rifle practice, was interesting. After two weeks, we were back again at Devens, but it was only a short stay. Once more at Pine Camp, I resumed my evening and week-end hikes. This time we fired our rifles for score out at Stony Point. Well do I remember the stormy windy night when we arrived at the Point on the high rock rim of Lake Ontario. After pitching pup tents and getting bed sacks under them, some of us took off to investigate, the wind rumbling, along the cliffs which are quite high at this point. That night rain beat on the canvas, but it is a lullaby for me if proper precautions are taken in diking the water. Unfortunately a hay-fever victim occupied the tent next door. Such accommodations bothered him considerably. This special evening he seemed determined to talk away his affliction, and through his nose.

For three days I roamed along the shores of Lake Ontario almost unmolested by Army duties. This is rich reward as anyone can attest who has been so privileged. New York State in the vicinity of Pine Camp is well endowed by nature in the autumn. Even into November the waters of Lake Ontario seem to hold at bay the cold days of fall. Late flowers bloom abundantly and there was magnificent foliage that year.

After one more trip to Camp Devens, we were to spend most of the winter in Pine Camp. Some of the training was pretty rugged, with the thermometer at forty-two below zero. Frosted noses and toes were common. No one lamented the order to entrain for Camp Pickett, Virginia, in January, 1942.

Some soldiers bewailed their fate at Camp Pickett, but I enjoyed my stay there, even to the training hikes in mud, rain and spring snows. Compensation aplenty came with the blossoming trees, the spring flowers and greensward. Fields of red clover were something to behold, and above all else the flowering dogwood took my eye. Even now, mention Virginia and right away dogwood comes to mind. Here there were many non-training hikes for me about the old farms that were fated to become a part of Camp Pickett Reservation. One day I came upon nine beautiful wild turkeys. It was a surprise to me, and, I guess, to the turkeys for they seemed unafraid as I stood very still to admire them, for the moment trying to decide if they were not after all from some farmer's stock. However my slight movement sent some of them in strong if not graceful-flight over the treetops, while the rest did some fast footwork into the pine forest.

At Camp Pickett, amphibious training took the lead. In Chesa-

peake Bay we made actual landings on Solomons Island. The discomfort of the men was realistic. The following days were most springlike, though I enjoyed the Island.

Early in June we moved to Camp Patrick Henry which meant aboard ship within a very few days. . . . General Patton had inspected the 45th Division and thought it good enough to fight for him somewhere in Europe. Anyway, I made the most of the little freedom available at closely confined Camp Patrick Henry, knowing that many days of much closer confinement on shipboard were in the offing. I remember one instance. While walking with a gentleman from Virginia near the high fence separating the camp from civilian liberties, we stumbled upon a large paper bag full of high powered bottled goods. At first, I was for destroying our find, but my friend pointed out the priceless value of the stuff in so closely guarded an area if only the right parties were approached. He was quite in favor of seeing what could be done about it. Knowing my friend, his strong taste and weak resistance, to alcohol, I was a little skeptical of results. However, he assured me that he would keep only one of two square brown bottles, with what looked to me like a piece of candied lemon peel on top. Not knowing the potency of the stuff at the time, it seemed to me like a safe arrangement.

After hiding the several bottles of various shapes and sizes, we returned to camp where my friend made contacts and I retired from the scene. In an unbelivably short time, our find had obviously arrived at B. Bat. Barracks. My friend with the little brown bottle was the most intoxicated of them all. He went to some trouble to find me and say that he had taken only one small drink.

A few mornings later, we marched aboard ship while a band played and a few civilian workers at the dock cheered. For twenty-one days we zig-zagged across the Atlantic, a most uncomfortable procedure for me. The arid coast of Africa looked solid and inviting as we came into Oran. Sweet to the ear were the subdued but busy sounds of the harbor and from the shore. Like old lace, light clouds drifted below the mountain tops.

After a practice invasion up the coast a few miles, we did a lot of hiking and obstacle courses for several days. Back to Oran, I was one of the fortunate few to be transferred from the crowded liberty ship to a freighter carrying some of our heavy equipment. Plenty of ice cream, good food and open air sleeping quarters. Our bunks were the solid steel decks.

As nearly 2,000 ships gathered to form our convoy in the Mediterranean, sunny days and a calm sea favored our sail eastward. But a change was to take place just before we reached our destination July 8-9. The sea became rougher and rougher with waves of fifteen to forty feet at the time we unloaded near Scogliti on the island of Sicily; highly dangerous at best. It became impossible to unload heavy guns and trucks. Great 3 inch hawsers in use from the freighter to smaller landing craft, which would normally be strong enough, snapped like twine, with a noise like gunfire. That was the early morning of the 10th of July, 1943. There was action for the next twenty-two days and nights. From Scogliti to Caltanissetta and on to Palermo. Through the mountains to the Mt. Etna region and the east coast. The enemy left the Island at Messina for Italy.

There followed great days of relaxation and leisurely preparation for the next big move, conditioning of the battery mainly. Hikes in the foothills under the hot August sun were a pleasant form of exercise for me. I was amazed to find so much grown on small tracts of land, so great a variety of vegetables and fruit. The narrow donkey and foot paths up through the hills would converge at overflowing springs of cold, sparkling water. And there were luscious grapes aripening. From one of our peacetime camp sites, we had daily dips at the beach. There were old castles high up on the mountain tops that I simply had to see. These mountain tops of Sicily were not so very different from what our local mountain tops were thirty years ago when close cropped by many cattle.

The last day of August General Patton made a speech to the officers and men of the 45th in which he said, "Your Division is one of the best, if not the best, in the history of American Arms."

Soon after we were assigned to the Fifth Army VI Corps, and on September 8 we sailed from Termini. While in the Gulf of Salerno we received news of the unconditional surrender of all Italian armed forces. This caused some to think, or at least hope, that the fighting in Italy would soon be over. A shortlived hope, however.

Salerno, our second amphibious landing, was tough, and for several days not too secure; a fair sample of what we were to face all the way to Cassino, via San Angelo Di Lombard, Benevento, Piedimonte D'Alife and Venafro. I found Italy a pretty and most interesting land although at times it was difficult to concentrate on the natural beauty and scenic pleasures that this country offered. Toma-

toes, watermelon and other vegetables and fruits, along with the inevitable grape helped to supplement our K-ration.

The season of plenty was to change all too quickly. Cold rains and very muddy conditions were our lot for many weeks, and near Cassino there was considerable snow and cold. There we first learned to build confortable dugouts. Formerly our foxholes were about two feet deep, the overall size of a pup tent. Cold and heavy rains constantly drowned us out. The new super apartments were three to four feet deep, complete with olive-tree log roofs covered with earth, the pup tent doing service as thatch. Built-up bunks of straw, with fleas-, served us, the straw necessitating many excursions to obtain. Such super-dupers were near Cassino and other semi-permanent positions.

Since we had engaged in fighting just north of Paestum, its ancient picturesque ruins held hidden tanks and snipers. September 10th, 1943, there had been 110 days of actual combat of the 121 days fighting until January 9th,1944, when, for us, the Naples-Foggia campaign ended with a commendation from General Clark. In part, he said:

> "I desire to commend the officers and enlisted men of the 45th Division on the occasion of your relief from front-line duty, for a period of rest and refitting. For the past seventy-two days the 45th Infantry Division has been engaged in continuous combat against strong enemy forces, and under extremely adverse conditions. Subjected to bitter cold, wet, and almost constant artillery and mortar fire. . . . "

It is a wonderful thing to be relieved from active front-line duty. Only those who have been under the strain know the momentous surge of new life and hope. With lighter hearts we were soon on the way to a warmer clime near Naples. On valley farms below Mt. Vesuvius green fields of grain, like parlor rugs, belied the glory of battle fields. For fifteen days of glorious adventure along the network of farm paths, I rambled the countryside with more or less freedom. Talking with local farmers was enlightening. Only old men and women members of a family remained on the farm. Nearly all who could speak English, a good percentage, had been to America for some years, and mostly to New England.

One farmer was very anxious to get shoes—G. I.'s—to make over for his wife and daughter. Either through a soft-hearted G. I. or a hard-headed business man, he got a pair. Just before we left the area he came to see us off. He was wearing the shoes. Asked for an explanation, he said, "Getting warm days now. My women folks don't need shoes."

Spring flowers were never sweeter and I tried to crowd into those short days all that I could of peaceful things. On January 29th we unloaded at Anzio beach-head to begin 125 days of underground stalemate. February 16-19 the Germans gave us all they had, the "factory area" as their focal point. Some months later I learned that Hervey Davidson of Temple knew about the "factory area," having helped to take and re-take that ground.

My chief diversions that long winter at Anzio were watching the sunsets, sketching house plans, writing letters home and taking short walks. From the exceedingly frosty nights of February and March, the slow spring came along in April and May. I fell in love with the red poppy of Anzio. I shall never forget the red profusion of the poppies on the open plains as, late in May, we moved out toward Rome. Joined by British forces and newly activated American divisions, among their ranks two Temple men, Bill Blood and Albert Quinn, on June 1st the migration to Rome was underway.

On June 5th the 45th drive ended some miles beyond Rome. After a restful day or two in the last position from which we were to fight in Italy, Army life became quite normal again. Many soldiers took off for Rome, with or without leave. However, I received a five-day pass to visit the city. In those five days I did a lot of footwork, there being almost no organized transportation in the city, even G. I. A rest center had been established. With a good bed and food, I was fit for at least twenty-five miles a day should the need arise. Sometime I should like to visit Rome again.

On June 17th by motor convoy, we took the long road down the coast to the place of beginning, Paestum. Here there were more exercises of the old and familiar amphibious nature. One more invasion was on the agenda for the 45th Division. While here, I made a short visit to Naples. At the American Red Cross I located several names on the register which caused me pleasure to learn that guys were still alive and kicking. One, Malcolm Holt from Temple. I also made a day's visit to Pompeii and the famous ruins.

Sometime between August 7th and 12th, 1944, we took our places aboard an invasion fleet once more; this time headed for southern France. Each new invasion is dreaded more than the last. Although a man may be more equal to the task, before him, he is more aware of the pitfalls and the law of averages. But this turned out to be a push-over. From the first, friendly and constant cooperation with civilians was appreciated. Morale soared high, and with a feeling of exhiliration

GERMANY
ASCHAFFENBURG
BAMBERG
KAISERSLAUTERN
WORMS
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
HOMBURG
SARREGUEMINES
WINGEN
RHINE
NUREMBURG
DANUBE
FRANCE
EPINAL
DACHAU
MUNICH
VESOUL
DOUBS
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
BESANÇON
SWITZERLAND
BOURG
GRENOBLE
ITALY
YUGOSLAVIA
ST. MAXIME
SPAIN
CORSICA
ROME
ANZIO
VENAFRO
BENEVENTO
EBOLI
NAPLES
PAESTUM
SALERNO
SARDINIA
N
MESSINA
CEFALU
SICILY
CALTANISSETTA
SCOGLITI
TWO YEARS
with the 45th
SICILY
NAPLES - FOGGIA
ROME - ARNO
SOUTHERN FRANCE
RHINELAND
CENTRAL EUROPE

we raced from one goal to another. First, down toward Marseille from St. Maxine. Then, north to the mountains of Grenoble. What fine August days that we could not enjoy! On to Meximieux, where, on September 1st one of the first really strong points was encountered. Then north to Villersexel, where the Division was relieved by wild driving French troops; but only to assemble north of Vesoul for the advance on Epinal and the Moselle.

Up to this time we were way ahead of supply points. The last of September our trucks were traveling two hundred and fifty miles one way, and only a few days before as far as four hundred and sixty five miles for supplies. We made good use of captured German supplies.

There was tough going for us from Epinal across the Moselle and on to St. Die, Rambervillers and Grandvillers to gain a toehold in the Vosges Mountains the latter part of October. How we dreaded another winter of fighting! Late in November we met strong resistance at Mutzig, but smashed into the Maginot Line and Strasbourg. Then, on to Saverne, Ingwiller, Bitche and Saarbucken late in December where bitter fighting along the German border forced us on the defensive and we were pushed back to the Moder River. The weather was cold, with snow. A main line of resistance was set up and we dug in for another winter. By this time we were veterans and knew how to make ourselves comfortable and take advantage of every diversion.

After one heavy fall of snow some of the boys went hunting elk and wild boar. These hunts were off the record. Everyone enjoyed fresh meat.

The middle of February we were relieved by the 42nd Division and pulled back to the Luneville area. The next several weeks my home and that of the 189th F.A.Bn. was to be a glass factory storehouse. Those last days of February were cold and dismal, with not even straw for a bed. Much more comfortable were the dugouts on the line. This was in the little town of Portaux, near Charms. Once more I found comfort and entertainment in all-day hikes through the forest or down the valley where I counted the first blades of grass and the earliest wild flowers. In the deep woods there were yet patches of snow growing smaller each day despite cold winds and little sunshine. March brought more grass and flowers and freshly planted vegetable gardens. The French seem to take a special delight in gardening. One day, while walking along a forest path, a wild boar dashed across

only a few feet ahead of me, the only one I was to see on my many hikes through their domain.

March 12th we were off again, this time toward Germany and the Siegfried Line, which crumbled in due time. On to Worms and across the Rhine by pontoon bridge near Hamm on March 26, 1945. Early in April, Aschaffenberg was taken after heavy fighting by civilians in its defense. These days it was not uncommon to take several thousand prisoners in a single day. We headed easterly to Bruchenau and the industrial city of Bamberg, then west to Nuremberg on April 1st where the Division took four thousand, eight hundred and sixty nine prisoners in one day. However the city held until April 20th. On April 27 we crossed the Danube near Ingolstadt, a gray and muddy river at this time and place.

During the course of April 29th, as the thrust toward Munich continued, our troops seized the ill-famed Dachau Concentration Camp with its thirty two thousand captives, only one American.

Munich, our last assignment, was taken on May 5th. That night 155 mm howitzers were set up directly in front of nice apartment houses. Our Captain assigned us to apartments with the admonition, "If we sleep tonight, it will be in beds." For many of us it was the first night in a real bed in just short of two years.

Even before the announcement of unconditional surrender of all German armed forces, on May 7th, we were already launched on occupation duties. We took the news as a part of the day's work, rejoicing, naturally, but with little celebration.

Following the surrender, one of our jobs was guarding the Road Blocks. This was quite interesting as we met all types of people and transportation, though mostly afoot or on bicycles. Night and day, roving guards covering forty to fifty miles each eight hours, I found interest in barter and trade with the farmers along the route and in the natural scenic beauty of the countryside. On May 30th Memorial Day Services were held in King's Plaza, Munich.

About this time, we first began to hear about the "point system." However we counted points for some weeks before anything happened. I think it was in June when the men with the highest points hopped a plane for the United States. Soon after this, the 45th Division was reorganized and our men were scattered helter-skelter throughout Bavaria; many of us in the vicinity of Altotting, were assigned to the 2nd Armored Division homeward bound. But in the meantime almost continuous guard duty became very monotonous.

With one other from B. Battery 189th F.A., I was stationed at Mitters Garching, not far from the Austrian border. This little railroad town is nicely situated on the Alz in good farming country. From the green fields on clear days the great mountain ranges with snow-capped peaks beckon one from the lowly valley. As the summer progressed, I found means to get away from the battery and about the countryside for longer periods of time. Of never-failing interest, were my shorter hikes of a day or two through pine-forested hills and over great open farmlands where the church steeples in the villages keep faith with the scene.

While on a motor trip through the mountains to Brenner Pass, I spent a day at Garmisch Partenkirchen, site of the World Olympics in 1936. I would gladly have exchanged places with one of the soldiers who were stationed there for the summer. Another time I spent the day atop Mt. Zugspitze making the climb in leisurely fashion by electric cog railway, the last four miles through a tunnel of solid ledge. Also, one day, over the mountains to Innsbruck. No one can fail to appreciate this mountainous scenery.

Not to be forgotten is Berchtesgaden! I regret that only twice could I make the journey. My first arrival there was on foot in the middle of a fine moonlight night. My next visit August 26th-27th, 1945, I made the climb to Hitler's stone house atop a mountain peak, known as the Eagles Nest. About halfway up the mountain, I met four boys of ten or twelve years, with back packs, walking sticks and the inevitable Bavarian leather shorts. They too were making their way to Hitler's "hideaway." So we had a good day together.

On September 1st, 1945, we left Germany by rail, forty and eight cars, for southern France to await ship home. At our camp near Marseille, nicknamed "The Last Resort," I met many of the old 189th F.A. men. About all there was to do there was visit, and of course hike over that arid countryside for me and my old friend the gentleman from Virginia.

About the middle of September we were happy to leave Camp Victory and southern France to the many G. I.'s who were to come after us; and to board the crowded ship for home.

Boston never looked so good to me as on that morning late in September. Bright red tugs pushed and hauled us gently to Pier 5 near the old Fish Pier. Two days at Camp Miles Standish, then on to Fort Devens where on October 11th, 1945, this G. I.'s ultimate dream came true, a discharge from the United States Army.

Strong, Royal, Aviation Mechanic, 2nd Class, U. S. Navy. b. September 24, 1923, Temple, New Hampshire. Parents, Helen and Royal Strong. Educated high school, Hudson, New York.

Inducted February 22, 1943, Manchester, New Hampshire. Basic Training: Newport, Rhode Island; 22 weeks, Aviation Mechanical School, Memphis, Tennessee; 2 weeks Radar School; 6 weeks Aerial Gunnery, Yellow Water, Florida; 4 weeks patrol bombing training, Lake City, Florida; 4 weeks same, Beaufort, South Carolina. Transferred, Fleet Air Wing 6, Headquarters, Seattle, Washington; F.A.W. 5, Squadron 135 Patrol Squadron, Whidby Island, off Canadian coast; 6 weeks training at Lockheed Manufacturing Company, Burbank, California.

Boarded Saidor, C. V. E.-117, as plane director on flight deck of the carrier.

Military Occupational Specialty, aviation mechanic, second class.

Discharged Terminal Island, San Diego, California. Employed, National Airlines.

Married.

Swift, Arthur Clinton, Corporal, U. S. Air Force. b. April 27, 1913, New Bedford, Massachusetts. Parents, Ethel W. and A. Clinton Swift. Educated, Middlesex School, Concord, Massachusetts; Columbia High, New York.

Inducted May , 1942, Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Basic Training, Miami Beach, Florida.

Served: May, 1942 to January, 1946, China, Burma, India Theater with U. S. 14th Air Force Ground Crew, which took him over entire China supply route.

Organization, 14th Air Force.

Discharged January, 1946, Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Employed as assistant hotel manager.

Swift, Frederic Washburn, Captain U. S. Air Force. b. March 14, 1910, New Bedford, Massachusetts. Parents, Ethel W. and A. Clinton Swift. Educated, Middlesex School, Concord, Massachusetts; Harvard University; New York University, M.A.

Inducted, March 23, 1942, Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Basic Training, Air Force Intelligence School, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Served: 3 years, China, Burma, India Theater. Flew the Hump several times and covered the entire China theater of the war.

Organization, First Troop Carrier Squadron.

Military Occupational Specialty, Intelligence Officer.

Decoration:

Distinguished Unit Badge with Cluster.

Separated from active duty March 21, 1946.

Civilian Employment, 2½ years as Chief Analyst Section Junior Survey Branch, Information Services Division, Military Government, Germany.

Tyler, Russell, Jr., Private First Class, U. S. Army. b. June 21, 1916, Medford, Massachusetts. Educated high school, Medford, Massachusetts. Business Course, Burdett College, Boston, Massachusetts.

Basic Training: Field Artillery Replacement Training Center, Fort Bragg, N. Carolina.

Served: 7 months and 13 days, U. S.; 1 year, 7 months, 8 days, European Theater of Operation.

Organizations: Battalion A., 319th. Glider Field Artillery Battalion. 82nd Airborne Division.

Military Occupational Specialty, automotive mechanic.

Decorations and Citations:

Good Conduct Medal

European African Middle Eastern Theater Campaign Ribbon

Victory Medal

Distinguished Unit Badge, Airborne Division

Discharged December 23, 1945, Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Employed, Samuel Kidder and Company, Greenville, New Hampshire

Married Gerda E. Kemno, April 4, 1941.

DAY-QUINN-BLOOD POST No. 106
The American Legion

From the end of World War II until Memorial Day, 1949, there had been some talk of a Veterans' organization in Temple. On that day constructive steps were taken along that line. Two veterans who had had enough talk decided to act. They were Russell Tyler and Albert A. Quinn. A third veteran, Rev. W. B. Downey consented to serve with them. All Temple veterans who were in town that Memorial Day agreed that the idea was good. Those who were not in town were contacted by letter.

In July, the first meeting was held and it was unanimously voted that an American Legion Post be formed. The idea of a V.F.W. Post was rejected as that would exclude some of the Veterans; whereas the Legion would include everyone wishing to join and still give national affiliation.

Albert Quinn, acting as general chairman, contacted the New Hampshire Department, American Legion. The Department Adjutant, Frank N. Sawyer, in turn contacted the Commander of District II, Richard White. Arrangements were made for a meeting on August 12, 1949. At that meeting there were 17 veterans present and the Day-Quinn-Blood Post No. 106 American Legion, came into being. An application for a Charter was signed and the following officers were elected:

Commander	Albert A. Quinn
1st V. Commander	Wallace R. Blood
2nd V. Commander	Phillip Quinn
Adjutant	Russell Tyler
Finance Officer	George W. Pajanen
Chaplain	Rev. W. B. Downey
Service Officer	Mrs. Norma Maynard
Historian	J. Donald Marr
Sgt. at Arms	Donald Brown (later replaced by Howard B. Kullgren)

On September 16, 1949, the Post was instituted and the officers installed. Dept. Commander John High of Swanzey presented the Charter and District Commander Richard White of Antrim, assisted by the District Staff, installed the officers. Also present were Dept. Vice Commander Albert Coll of Jaffrey and Dept. Adjutant Frank N. Sawyer of Weare.

Since being instituted the Post has been busy in various Dept. and National programs and in its own local activities. In May 1950, the Post assisted by the Auxiliary, held its first annual children's party. The Post furnished a film and refreshments and all the children in town were invited. A money collection was taken among the adults present and the entire sum turned over to the School Projector Fund. It is the desire of the Post to give this financial aid to the student council every year.

Memorial Day Services have been placed in charge of the Post. The members of the Day-Quinn-Blood Post A. L. consider it an honor, a duty and a privilege to pay tribute to their fallen comrades on this day. Nor do they forget the sacrifices of all soldiers and sailors who fought for their country and freedom. The people of Temple voted that an addition be built on the Mansfield Public Library. This addition is called Memorial Hall in memory of the servicemen and women of all wars. The Temple Legion Post gave a sum of money for this building fund. And yet this is but a token payment on that debt we owe those who fought and died, for a better world. As long as free men shall walk this earth they shall strive to pay this debt but it can never be paid in full.

It is perhaps fitting that this short history of the Day-Quinn-Blood Post, American Legion, finish with the words of the preamble to the Constitution of the American Legion. They speak for themselves.

"For God and Country we associate ourselves together for the following Purposes:

To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our associations during the Great Wars; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to participate in and to contribute to the accomplishments of the aims and purposes of The American Legion, to consecrate and sanctify our association by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

ALBERT A. QUINN

LIST OF MEMBERS TO DATE

Allen, Carroll L.
Blood, Wallace R.
Brown, Donald
Caswell, Winthrop P.
Cornwell, Floyd A.
Davidson, Clayton O.
Davidson, Donald F.
Downey, W. B.
Drew, Ralph H.
Edwards, Harold V.
Foster, James
Jones, Heman
Kullgren, Harold N.
Kullgren, Howard B.
Marr, John D.
Maynard, C. Taylor
Maynard, Norma
Mazza, John A.
Pajanen, George W.
Phillis, Albert H.
Quinn, Albert A.
Quinn, Phillip
Rockwood, Norman F.
Tyler, Russell

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